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THE HOUR OF PRIME.

The mists of morn hang over the fields;
In a sapphire sky soars the lark on
the wing;

The mower, one with the scythe he
wields,

In the sunlight moves with a rhythmic
swing.

His quivering blade drips silver bright;
The scent of the swathes is rising
sweet;

And the lush wet grass in the golden
light

Is diamond and gossamer round his
feet.

See, tiny cloudlets of powdered dew

Fly from the feathery plantain heads,
As the scythe sweeps round with a
measure true,

And the mower's lilt with its whisper
weds.

The music of morning about him floats;
His stone on the steel rings mellow
and clear;

And song from a hundred feathered
throats

Is swelling a chorus sweet to hear.

Oh, glad the light of a day new-born—
The scent and the song of the dawn-
ing-time!

Blithe leaps the heart in the early
morn:

The fairest hour is the golden prime!

Edward F. Shepherd.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

A WHITE NIGHT.

White stand the houses out in the
moonless midnight,

Here and there a window lighted yet
stands plain,

Strange as a lifted eyelid in a face
that slumbers.

The wakefulness behind it, is it grief
or sin or pain?

Cart on cart moves stealthily, feet on
feet follow;

Wheels plod on reluctantly, creaking
as they go;

A snatch of crazy song beats down a
baby's crying;

But over all and each the silence falls
like snow.

All sounds flower slowly from the
heart of silence,
Not as in the daylight, shrieked at ears
a-strain:

Harsh sounds come less harshly, and
fade before they trouble

Ears that hear them come and go, and
peace grow whole again.

One by one the fixed lights grow paler
and grow fewer;

One by one man quenches what he lit;
the stars remain,

The gray sky whitens; with a shudder
it is daylight;

Cocks are crowing sleep away, and day
brings rain.

Nora Chesson.

THE MOON OF LEAVES.

"In the pleasant Moon of Leaves."

Last year the swallows built beneath
our eaves,

Filling the twilight hour with joyous
cries;

It was the pleasant, idle Moon of
Leaves,

When all the flowers are gay as
butterflies.

And now the Moon of Leaves is here
again.

But no birds build beneath our shel-
tering thatch,

No smiling presence gilds the diamond
pane.

No gracious hand is heard upon the
latch.

Now last year's dream with last year's
birds is flown.

But still we seek for that which
came unsought;

Unsought it came, and dwelt with us
unknown,

And we have lost the gift of joy it
brought.

We knew not whence it came nor
where it went,

Nor why it came and went, nor ques-
tion how

The largesse of that Moon of Leaves
was spent. . . .

The Moon of Withered Leaves is
with us now.

Rosamund Marriott Watson.

The Athenæum.

THE TRIUMPH OF RUSSIAN AUTOCRACY.

I.

"La Douma est morte; vive la Douma!"

"And one morning, when the newly-elected members of the Douma will arrive, they will find the gates of the Tavrida Palace locked, or Cossacks barring the way, shouting 'Tee kouda?' (Whither are you going?)"

These lines I wrote in the pages of this Review on the 15th of May last. Gladly, oh, how gladly, would I have proved a false prophet. But—alas!—I have had the sad satisfaction of being right once more. *Finita la comedia*; the curtain has fallen over the Tavrida play. And now that the comedy is over, now that Caesar-Nicholas II., the unhappy young man, as Tolstoy once called him, has committed another injustice, another crime, I almost said, in sending home the representatives of the people—some of them even to prison and death—what will be the result? After one or two futile endeavors—insincere, of course—to form a coalition Cabinet, a *régime* of oppression, the rule of Trepoff—*Trepofstsheena*, as the Russians call it—will ultimately be established, with the aim of drowning the struggle for liberty in torrents of blood.

In the meantime preparations for the election of members for a new Douma will be carried on. The nature of this second Russian Parliament can be easily gathered from the instructions given to minor bureaucrats with regard to the new elections. The provincial authorities have been given to understand, in an Imperial manifesto, that only candidates agreeable to the Tsar and to autocracy are eligible. One of the *sine quâ non* conditions is that "candidates should not be eloquent"; stammerers will have the best chances. No speeches. Nicholas II. has had enough

of "ces bavards," the hubbub of whose oratory disturbed the peaceful atmosphere of Peterhof. No great stretch of imagination is required to picture the future Douma, consisting of men of the type of Gontsharov's *Oblomor*, sleepy, lazy individuals, without an atom of energy in them. In the lifeless silence of the Tavrida Palace—on the walls of which one will see written: Members are requested to keep silence; by order of the Tsar—the members of Russia's Parliament will sit and yawn, or, on rare occasions, converse in whispers, but mostly in gestures. A hush will reign in this solemn assembly. The sessions will begin and end with prayer for His Most Autocratic Majesty, for the Imperial family and the Grand Dukes, who have graciously consented in their unrivalled benevolence to spend the country's money, extorted from famishing peasants, in Nice, Monte Carlo, and elsewhere. I have not the least doubt that the Government will soon introduce a fit uniform for the members of the Douma, whom it will thus raise to the dignity of bureaucrats and officials obeying the orders from above. Thus Europe will have the best proof that the real representatives of the Russian people go hand in hand with the upholders of autocracy. The Liberals, the Social Democrats, and the revolutionaries will, however, continue the fight against their internal foe; the fight will be more intense, more acute, and on a larger scale than in former years. Nothing daunted, the Social Democrats will fall as glorious martyrs in the sacred battle for liberty. The shot fired at Terioki, which caused the untimely death of one of the most

intelligent and useful ex-members of the Douma, M. J. Herzenstein, will, I am afraid, not be the last. And who will count the numerous graves, never known, or soon forgotten, of men, women, and children whose blood will be on the heads of those whom Western Europe considers as sacrosanct? Thousands of brave men will be court-martialled, piteously murdered, slaughtered, tortured, and imprisoned, sent to fortresses or to mines, so that a handful of brainless tyrants may be spared to continue their useless lives of debauchery and cruelty. In spite of the iron rule, the struggle will continue. But will it ultimately lead to a successful issue? At the risk of being accused of excessive pessimism, I unhesitatingly repeat: No; not without the intervention of Europe.

In the following pages I shall endeavor to prove that, in spite of continual comparisons drawn in the Press between the French and the Russian Revolutions, between Nicholas II. and Louis XVI. there is a vast difference between the France of 1789 and the Russia of 1906, and that things are not bound to happen in the land of the Romanoffs as in that of the Bourbons.

The causes of the difference are due to many factors, but chiefly to three: temperament of the nation, currents of thought, and social and economic state of the two countries. The political will, the struggle for political liberty and government, is not so strong in Russia as it was in France, penetrating all the classes of society. The Russian people are not yet accustomed to think politically, and here we have a vicious circle: as long as the lower strata which form the nation do not think politically, have not attained to national and political self-consciousness, autocracy is strong, and as long as autocracy is strong it will prevent the people from thinking politically. This passivity, this practical indolence

in matters political of the Russian masses, is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of progress and one of the bulwarks of autocracy and absolutism. Autocracy, ever since it came into being under Ivan III. and Ivan IV. (Grozny), perceived it, and it has always kept the masses in darkness. Logically it was right and consistent. Just as rationalism and criticism are not only incompatible with, but even harmful to, and destructive of, religious dogma and belief, and, as represented in Protestantism, opposed to Romanism, so political thought among, and education of, the masses are incompatible with autocracy. An autocrat faithful to himself and to his interests can never allow his subjects to think politically. The Tsar cannot and will never give political freedom. If optimists imagined and still imagine such a thing they have been deceived—as recent events have shown—and will continually be deceived, as future events will show. In France it was a struggle of the *bourgeoisie*, of the *tiers état*, which was economically strong but politically oppressed, against the privileged nobility and the absolute monarchy. There is no such *tiers état* in Russia. The opposition to autocracy in Russia is—for the present, at least—the work of the intellectuals, not of the *tiers état*. It must also be borne in mind that from a technical point of view the means Russian autocracy can command are stronger and more powerful than those which the absolute monarchy in France had to dispose of. Russia under Nicholas II. is more modern than France under Louis XVI., and the Romanoffs have a much easier part to act than the Bourbons had.

"Although in France as in Russia," said such an eminent authority as Professor Ch. Seignobos, of Paris, with whom I had an interview in January last, "the troubles sprang from two principal causes: namely, financial diffi-

culties and the wretched state of the peasantry, both causes being utilized by the intellectuals of the respective countries to set in motion the wheel of reform, there were nevertheless various factors which existed in France, but are absent in Russia, which came into play and caused the Revolution to assume a fiercer shape. Such ruling factors were the war of invasion, the opposition of foreign nations, and the emigration of the nobles. As soon as Louis XVI. asked for foreign aid against his own people, the last thread of confidence uniting sovereign and people was cut asunder."

But it must be borne in mind that during the course of more than a century Europe has changed its aspect from the political, social, and economic points of view, and that events in 1906 cannot follow exactly in the same order and on the same lines as in 1789. "The State-mechanism," wrote Mr. Struve (cf. *Russen über Russland*, p. 61), "which is in the hands of the Russian autocracy, and is continually working in defence of the absolutist form of government, is from a technical point of view by far superior to that of pre-Revolutionary France. This fact has a direct counter-revolutionary effect." France, too, it must not be forgotten, produced in political and military spheres men who could take the lead, and who, by virtue of their personality, rallied round them all the forces of the Revolution and the enemies of absolute monarchy and the aristocracy. Russia is still waiting for such a personality, of the type of a Mirabeau, or even of a Danton or a Robespierre. The revolutionary party and the proletariat are still continuing to thunder against and to attack the so-called "Liberal bourgeoisie," i.e., the well-to-do classes, who are animated by Liberal tendencies. This want of confidence between revolutionaries and Liberals is another factor utilized by

autocracy. With regard to financial matters there is also—in spite of the words of M. Seignobos—a difference between the events that took place in France in 1789 and those that are now occurring in Russia. France stood on the verge of national bankruptcy. "In vain has our newly-devised Council of Finances struggled, our Intendants of Finance, Controller-General of Finances: there are unhappily no finances to control. Fatal paralysis invades the social movement; clouds, of blindness or of blackness, envelop us." Russia's finances, too, are in a very wretched state, but Russia has an advantage over France. The latter had no European and American financiers willing to give her money to "choke up the deficit." Russia, I mean autocratic Russia, has. When the French treasury was empty Calonne advised the convocation of the Notables, whilst Nicholas II. had received money from Europe before he opened the Douma. He knew, too, that he would obtain more, when he audaciously dissolved the assembly. I doubt whether the Romanof would have been more firm than the Bourbon had Kokovtsov approached the former with the ominous words: "Sire, les caisses sont vides."

This is the difference between the conditions under which the French absolute monarchy faced the Revolution and those which accompany the struggle of Russian Liberalism against autocracy. And for these reasons the obstacles in the way of Russian Liberalism become almost insurmountable.

Only when the large masses of the Russian peasants have been gained over to the idea of political freedom, when they have learned to understand that only a *tabula rasa* of the present régime can save them and bring about a thorough agrarian reform, when they at last understand that they can hope nothing from autocracy, Liberalism and the revolution will triumph.

But, for the present at least, all the *moujik* is asking is an increase of land; he never dreams of questioning the sacrosanct authority of the Tsar. Like all primitive people and those of uncultivated minds, he has an eye for the most immediate causes, but never looks beyond. The Russian peasant considers the landowner, the bureaucracy, and the police officials as his enemies, but he never for a moment thinks that these, his enemies, are only instruments in the hands of superior powers, and that they will become impossible under another *régime*. On the other hand, we find another obstacle in the way of political change and progress, an obstacle which becomes *eo ipso* a bulwark of autocracy, in the shape of the Panslavonic idea, or Slavophilism.

Slavophilism and its apostles, who appeal to the national feelings of the Slavs proper—the Great, White, and Little Russians—writers like Pobyedonostzev and Madame Olga Novikoff, idealize both the Russian State and the Russian religion, and hate anything Western. "The barbarism of the Russian people," they say, "must be preserved in its entire 'originality' from every contact with any civilizing influence except that of 'Byzantine principles' in Church and State." (cf. Milyukov, *Russia and its Crisis*, 1905, p. 61.) Political freedom in Western Europe has proved a failure, and freedom of belief is nonsense, according to the Nationalists and the Slavophiles. True Russians must therefore aim at preserving autocracy and orthodoxy, the Byzantine State and the Byzantine Church, in their entirety.

The creed of Slavophilism, which is strongly supporting autocracy, has been summed up by Danilevsky in his famous book, *Europe and Russia*. "The European nations have either fulfilled or failed in their missions. They are either in a state of stagnation or of

rapid decay. Russia alone, young, fresh, and vigorous, has still the divine and historical mission not only to occidentalize the Orient, but also to cure and save the Occident by breathing into old *Clasée* Europe the healthy spirit of the Slav. There is no general progress of humanity. There are only local civilizations which begin, exist, and disappear. All the acquisitions of European culture accumulated for centuries ought now to be destroyed: they must disappear from the face of the earth and be replaced by a system reigning in Arkhangelsk, Vladivostock, and Sebastopol. The torrent of destruction will sweep over the Germano-Latin and Romance lands, and above the waters of the general flood only the lofty summit of the Kremlin will tower majestically. Societies that are old and have lived, that have fulfilled their historical mission, must leave the arena of the world, be they situated in the Orient or in the Occident. Everything that lives, individual species, or biological type, possesses nothing but a certain amount of life, and must die when it has used it up" (p. 75).

European civilization having borne fruit, the period of decline is approaching, the process of decomposition has either commenced or will soon begin.

"The season of fruit-gathering has come, and whether it is a late summer or an early autumn, in any case the sun under which these fruits have ripened has reached its zenith and is approaching its setting. The development of a Slavonic culture and civilization is not only necessary, but comes at the proper time" (p. 83).

And a quite recent author, N. Notovich, re-echoes the same sentiments. "Russia has the great and noble mission of civilizing the Orient. In spite of the many obstacles put in her way by the jealousy of Europe, noth-

ing will stop her on her triumphant and civilizing march. She will remain faithful to her great and noble mission." But this is not all. "The nations of Western Europe are now fighting for wealth and worldly advantages only: especially is this the case with England, where the city merchants, actuated by selfish motives, dictate the laws to home and foreign policy. It is, therefore, the noble aim of Russia, where the air of European decadence has not yet penetrated and who does not think of increasing her power and her wealth, to take the lead, to strengthen her influence in the Orient, and to act as the unselfish and disinterested guardian of ungrateful Europe, protecting her against barbarian invasions."

Russia must, therefore, have the exclusive possession of the Black Sea, must possess the Bosphorus, and change the Mediterranean Sea into a Russian lake. It is not a question of conquering one province, of humiliating one European Power, but of destroying everything European, and of replacing it by Russian.

The ancient European civilization has lived its time; old, it must make room for young and vigorous Russia. The "Occident pourri" has had its time, and Russia should now have a turn too."

Thus it is not only the sacred duty of Russia to civilize and instruct poor ignorant Orientals, deliver the sighing and suffering brethren from Moslem and pagan rule, but her great and noble mission compels her to establish a new and healthy life on the ruins of the old. She will open the window for the influx of fresh and sacred Russo-Byzantine air, and for this purpose Russia must gain a preponderating influence not only in Asia but also in Europe. Russia is at once the inheritor of the Mongolian conquerors, the guardian of Byzantine Christianity and

Caesarism, and the apostle of a new civilization.

Such are the causes which force me to the conviction that the struggle of Liberalism against the power of autocracy in Russia is almost a hopeless task. I hope I shall be forgiven if I again quote my own words: "A Constitution in the dominions of the Tsar will never be obtained by the Russian nation without the assistance of Europe." Without the assistance of Europe the Russian people will struggle in vain against Tsardom. The time, therefore, has now come for constitutional Europe and republican America to stop the bloodshed, the crimes, and the atrocities committed by the Russian Government, and to crush the power of autocracy and absolutism. If the Western nations do not do it now, if they do not take steps against the threatening autocratic peril, they may bitterly regret it one day, as I shall endeavor to show.

II.

I do not, however, mean that Europe should send out her legions to dictate to Russia a Constitution, just as the European monarchs sent their armies to assist the Bourbons in France, or as Nicholas I. his regiments to crush the Hungarian Revolution. Battles nowadays are fought with money, and if money is required in foreign wars, it is a *sine quâ non* in the desperate battle—unique in history—which Russia is carrying on against her internal foe, autocracy. Sentiment scarcely finds room in politics, nor am I thinking of appealing to it. Politicians when they take up the cause of justice and freedom, the side of the oppressed against the oppressor, have always one eye upon the material benefit to be derived from their laudable generosity. "They buy a pennyworth of Paradise," to use the words of Victor Hugo. But why

should politicians and statesmen be different from other mortals? The spring of all human actions is egotism. Altruism is a mere fictitious term that crumbles to dust when touched by the finger of realism and actuality. Altruism does not exist. We are generous and humane because it pleases *us* to be so, not because it pleases others. The most inveterate altruist is nothing but an obstinate, self-opinionated doctrinaire, bent upon having *his own way*.

It is, therefore, not on pure humanitarian grounds that Liberal Europe, but especially England—and by this last term I mean the English Press and the English Stock Exchange—ought to help the Russian people against the Russian autocracy. The service they will render to Russia will be repaid by the benefit they will thus bestow upon their own country from the political, social and commercial point of view.

"What makes the power of Russia so formidable," Mr. Lecky wrote one day, "is the steady persistence of its foreign policy. Designs that may be traced to Peter the Great have been steadily pursued." But this is the policy not of Russia, not of the Russian people, but of autocracy. If the interests of England not only come into contact but also clash with those of the Northern Empire, we must always bear in mind that this is owing to Russia's Government, not to the enmity existing between the two nations.

England has always been Russia's *bête noire*. "England," says a Russian, "has for two centuries been scheming and plotting against us in the Far East. It is England who was, and generally is, at the bottom of those monstrous coalitions calculated to diminish our influence in the Orient. Were there no France in Western Europe, Russia would sooner or later be compelled to create a similar Power with

a view to moderating England's rapacious appetite."

There can never be a *rapprochement* between the constitutional Government of England and the autocratic rule of the Tsar. If not yet publicly declared enemies, Russia and England have stood in a hostile attitude for some time, ready to jump at each other's throats, and have silently been undermining each other's influence and trying to gain supremacy where their respective influences came in contact.

The arena of this war is the world. The English carry it on as Europeans, with the strength lent by culture and civilization; the Russians with the weapons of Asiatics, number and artfulness. Who says Tsardom says Panslavism, and the Panslavonic dream is the conquest of Constantinople and the placing of the Russian eagle on the minarets of the ancient Byzantine capital. The policy of autocratic Russia has, in the first place, always been to enlarge her boundaries and to annex territory as much as she could. It is really absurd to hear Occidental writers repeat after the Russians themselves: "Russia is not a war-like Power; she is the most moderate and disinterested one in the world. The Russians have never made any conquests. They have only annexed territories, either to strengthen the national unity or to secure legitimate defence." The contradiction and absurdity of such statements is evident. For two centuries Russia has been adding new countries and dominions, and has proved the most acquisitive nation in Europe (cf. Novikoff, *La Fédération*, p. 435).

Ever since Russia has been hurled, by some mysterious force, into the arena of history, she has never ceased to expand, to conquer, and to crush. It is high time she found a Gibeon where a modern Joshua shall bid her stand still.

How has Russia grown since the time of Rurik otherwise than by conquests? Why did she take Kazan and Astrakhan and Siberia? Was there any legitimate and defensive reason for it? In like manner she has taken Lithuania and Poland, Finland and the Baltic provinces; she has carried her frontiers from the Aral to the Oxus, incorporated Samarkand and Merv, and the Caucasus. Georgia threw herself into the arms of the Russian Colossus, troops were sent down: the mountaineers did not let them pass, and were naturally subdued. And yet even in Western Europe people actually believe that Russia has no idea of increasing her territory, that she has abandoned the plan to carry out the famous testament of Peter the Great enjoining her to put up the Russian eagle on the towers of Tsar-grad or Constantinople.

It must also be borne in mind that should Tsardom now after all triumph, should Trepoff remain victorious and Pobyedonostzef come back to power, which is only too possible, then the bureaucratic Government will have to do something to satisfy the economic wants of the peasants.

The autocratic Government will always find a bone to throw to the *moujiks*. To-day the latter's attention has been turned into anti-Semitic channels, pogroms and massacres; to-morrow it will be into that of anti-alienism, Anglophobia, and Panslavonic ambition. Autocracy and Tsardom mean eternal trouble for Europe; it will break out in tenfold force after the death of the Austrian Emperor. "A free Government," wrote Stepniak, "does not exclude the possibility of wars, but in an autocratic State the ambition and cupidity of the master is a weighty and an additional cause of strife." In order to exist, autocracy and despotism have to look for their mainstay either in atrocities at home or in foreign wars. Such is the case in

Turkey and in China, such is the case in Russia. Those are splendid "expedients to divert the storm of public discontent from internal questions"; they excite patriotic feeling and jingoism—the allies of autocracy—and, moreover, give some occupation to the minds—if they have any—of the wretched and savage subjects. The chief cause of the miserable economic state of Russia is that the peasant in his impoverished condition is not able to carry the heavy burden of the State revenue which rests on his shoulders. An autocratic Russian Government must, therefore, always remain a conquering Power. Not only is Tsardom synonymous with Panslavonic ambition, but it must find new places for the settlement and colonization of the impoverished *moujiks*.

On account of unfavorable climatic conditions and infertility of the soil, the vast surface of Russian possessions represents a great many non-values. If a few rare provinces constitute real storehouses of abundance, the majority of the Russian provinces suffer from the infertility due to inclemency of climate. The population of these inhospitable regions, tired out with the long endurance of its miserable condition, wishing to avoid the heavy taxes and other exactions, aspires only to a collective exodus, and is ready to quit its unattractive home and try fortune elsewhere.

"This state of the peasants becomes still more perplexing," says a Russian authority on the subject, "when one considers that they are absolutely incapable of any initiative, energy, or self-reliance, that they have not learned to count upon their own strength and to do without that of others." Most of these people are ignorant and fatalists; they entirely lack energy, and consider any struggle by which they could get out of the present state as useless. "And it is these miserable beings who have to furnish the greater

part of the Russian Budget—what wonder, therefore, that the Russian Government, seeing the source of its revenues falling, is endeavoring to do something for the peasants. The best remedy is the desertion of the inhospitable part of our country and an exodus towards more favorable regions. As there are, however, very few such provinces in European Russia, the flourishing provinces being already too densely populated, the *pays de cocagne* has naturally to be sought elsewhere. Such is, in the first instance, Siberia. This led to the construction of the Trans-Siberian Railway."

But all those who know Siberia and its inhospitality, where everything seems to conspire against the happiness of man, will admit that Siberia cannot serve as a refuge for impoverished Russian peasants who have to carry, like Atlas of yore, the weight of the Russian Budget. There is another country which autocratic Russia must take and will one day take, if her power is not completely crushed. This is India.

In theory Russia recognized in 1873 the existence of a neutral territory between the English and the Russian possessions in Asia. In reality, however, it has not been so. Thanks to the endeavors of Lord Beaconsfield, the Treaty of San Stefano was thoroughly revised at the Berlin Congress. Russia has never forgotten it. But the moment for open enmity has not yet arrived. Calmly and steadily Russian autocracy has made headway, has been traversing the distance and approaching the Indian frontier.

I have not the least doubt that, should Tsardom triumph and Panslavonic influences once more gain ground, Russia will one day seize the first opportunity to take possession of India. Tsardom and Panslavism will do their best not to expire in the desert of Turkestan, but to reach the promised

land, which is India. Would it be so very difficult?

"To seize India" (says K. Skalkovsky, *Russia's Foreign Policy*, St. Petersburg, 1897, p. 435) "is possible. Have not the Arabs, the Mongols, the Portuguese, the Dutch, Shah-Kadir, the French, and finally the East India Company taken possession of it? And if '*vox populi, vox Dei*,' then I can affirm that in India everybody is convinced that one day it will be seized by Russia. English officers with whom I talked about it in 1871 replied evasively: 'What do you want India for? Better take China.'"

Russia also counts, and perhaps rightly too, upon the sympathy of the population. The Indians will prefer the autocratic government of the "White Tsar" to the just rule of England. The English government has, just because it is based upon individual liberty, not become popular in India. There is too great a psychical divergence between the fatalistic Indian and the self-reliant Englishman. In the course of ten years about 500 or 600 inhabitants have accepted Protestantism, whilst 3,000,000 have embraced Islam (Skalkovsky, *ibid.*, p. 432).

III.

From a social point of view the triumph of autocracy will operate very unfavorably upon the course of individual and popular freedom throughout Europe. The upholders of absolutism will, if they are given the chance, join hands and, emboldened by success, vigorously fight the struggling forces of popular political and religious freedom. The force of example is very great. One need only think of one curious coincidence, which is not without its significance. When France concluded the alliance with Russia, Dreyfus was unjustly condemned; when the *entente cordiale* with England became a

fait accompli, the exile of the Ile du Diable was made a knight of the Legion of Honor. Nations, like individuals, are influenced by the examples set to them by their friends and associates. I am far from maintaining that Parliamentarism works everywhere to perfection; there is, on the contrary, room for improvement even in the classic countries of the Parliamentary régime, such as England. In fact, in England more so even than in any other country, the majority of candidates who are successful in entering Parliament do so by virtue of their independent pecuniary position rather than by the superiority of their knowledge, experience, and intelligence. One must honestly confess that there is a great deal of truth in the words of Pobiedonostzev: "In theory the election favors the intelligent and capable; in reality it favors the pushing and impudent" (*Reflections of a Russian Statesman*, 1898, p. 40). "Were we to attempt a true definition of Parliament, we should say that Parliament is an institution serving for the satisfaction of the personal ambition, vanity and self-interest of its members" (p. 35). The majority of members are practically indifferent to public affairs, and the country is thus ruled by a plutocracy, which in many cases is worse than the rule of a benevolent despot. But, just on account of these defects of Parliamentarism, the triumph of autocracy, which is ardently wished and abetted by monarchs who are dreaming of absolutism, such as William II., becomes the more dangerous for the peace and welfare of Europe. Practically we see that Parliamentarism, which was first instituted in England whence it spread all over Europe and America, has only had a success in the United States; in all other countries it has had, and still continues, to fight its arch-enemy, absolutism.

That is the danger that threatens Eu-

rope in the future. That is the Russian Peril, which becomes the more imminent the less Europe seems to notice it. Russian influence means autocracy, crushing of individual liberty, of civilization and progress. It means reaction, stagnation, and decay.

What will become of Europe and Christianity, ask the Russians, if an army composed of Japanese and Chinamen, an army taken from two nations whose 200,000,000 individuals can carry arms, is launched against Europe, passing through the desert of Turkestan?

It is Russia's sacred duty, therefore, to stand sentinel, and to take old Europe under her protecting eagle's wing.

"That is the reason why Providence has chosen Russia, and made her march from the shores of the Caspian and the Aral Seas towards the Orient." (N. Notovich, *L'Empereur Nicholas*, Paris, p. 101.)

What will become, do I ask in my turn, of European civilization, of individualism, of the rights of man, of liberal tendencies of every kind, of all that makes life worth living, if Russian influence becomes predominant?

The danger ceases with the establishment of a democratic, republican, or at least a constitutional Government, which means the necessary decentralization of the vast Empire, the independence of Poland, Lithuania, Finland, the Caucasus, Georgia, and the Baltic provinces. The alternative, I do not hesitate to say it, is clearly this: either Tsardom triumphs once more, and Panslavism shortly rears its Hydra-head against Europe, and European peace is continually disturbed, or Russian autocratic power—Tsardom—is crushed and Russia reduced, not only to a constitutional Power but to a federated Republic. This would mean not only peace, individual liberty, and prosperity for the Russian millions, but also commercial advantages for Eu-

rope and especially for England. Whilst it is in the interests of autocracy to keep the masses in darkness and to foster a feeling of hatred against England, the pioneer of free government, of individual liberty, and of civic rights, the free Russia will, on the contrary, see only advantages in a *rapprochement* with England. The Russian constitutional Government, instead of keeping the masses in darkness will, on the contrary, raise their status, will teach them self-reliance, independence, and encourage individualistic tendencies—will, in short, turn the slaves into free citizens. Some time will necessarily elapse before the Russian peasant reaches the height of self-reliance and self-sufficiency, of initiative and individualism, upon which commerce is based, and which constitute England's—this modern Phœnicia's—mercantile strength. Wherever the State crushes the individual, commerce has to suffer. It will therefore be in the interest of the new Russian constitutional Government—having no Panslavonic dreams, and not fearing the examples of freedom and individualism, by which the new free citizens could only benefit—to seek a closer alliance with England. A free Russia would at once open a vast field for commercial enterprise, for mercantile initiative. The products of the country and the richness of the soil (in minerals) have not yet been exploited. New centres of industry and activity would be created.

But it is not only in England's, but also in Europe's interest, in the interest

of civilization, that the revolutionary and intellectual forces in Russia should be victorious in their struggle for liberty, and that the powers of darkness should be crushed. History abounds in examples of such struggles for freedom, and in almost every case we find that men, intoxicated with the idea of liberty and justice, left their homes and went out to help the oppressed. But *tempora mutantur*. The battle is now fought with money only. Such is especially the case in Russia. If the present Russian Government obtains money from Europe, then Russia's freedom becomes a will-o'-the-wisp, and the struggle will have to begin anew.

All that the autocratic Government requires is money. The concession made by the autocrat to European opinion in commanding the farce at the Tavrida Palace was dictated by the necessity of a loan from Europe. This play will soon be repeated; and it is the approaching new loan that one may ascribe as the reason that Russia was spared another St. Vladimir's day in July last.

Europe, therefore, has the power to break the autocratic power and advance constitutional government and Liberalism by simply refusing to furnish the present Government with means to fight the revolution. That is the intervention I mean, which, for the sake not only of Russian freedom, of justice and humanity, but also of the interests of European peace and civilization, Europe, and especially Europe's financiers and politicians, will, it is to be hoped, resolve upon.

"SHIRLEY" LAND.

Although more than half a century has passed since the death of Charlotte Brontë, her popularity shows no sign of waning, but, on the contrary, there seems lately to have been somewhat of a revival of interest in her works. Readers, of course, will always have their preferences, but there is no doubt that amongst the people of her native county of Yorkshire, of all Miss Brontë's novels the one which most appeals to them is *Shirley*, which, for the first time, divulged the secret of the authorship of a book that was already winning its way into favor. The publication of *Jane Eyre* had revealed a new writer, and speculation was rife as to "his" identity. With the issue of *Shirley* concealment was no longer possible. It is true that in a letter to her friend, Miss Nussey, Charlotte Brontë had written to the following effect:

You are not to suppose any of the characters in *Shirley* intended as literal portraits. It would not suit the rules of art, nor of my own feelings, to write in that style. We only suffer reality to suggest, never to dictate. The heroines are abstractions, and the heroes also. Qualities I have seen, loved, and admired are here and there put in as decorative gems to be preserved in the setting.

But the scenery described in the novel, though disguised under fictitious names, and the characters there drawn were so true to nature and life, that residents of the district no sooner read the book than they at once recognized both scenes and persons, and the discovery of the author, though veiled by a *nom de guerre*, quickly followed.

In the years that have elapsed since *Shirley* was written, the march of progress has effected many changes. There is one particular village, however,

which seems to have resisted with remarkable success the modern craze for improvements, and to have gone on its way unmoved by the more enterprising zeal of its neighbors. This is Gomersal (locally pronounced Gummersal), situate on a pleasant elevation, and hemmed in, as it were, by such important towns as Leeds, Dewsbury, Huddersfield, Halifax, Morley, and Heckmondwike. One of the oldest parishes in England, Gomersal occupied a position of influence when some of the boroughs by which it is surrounded were insignificant hamlets. The curious may trace from the Domesday Book, or other ancient documents, these evidences of its venerable origin, affording testimony of its former fame and standing. It is to be feared that it has been content to live on its traditions. At any rate, whether this is the case or not, it cannot be disputed that it has not advanced with that rapidity which has distinguished many of the West Riding towns engaged like Gomersal, in the woollen trade. It seems rather to have been invaded somewhat against its will by the waves of progress, and only to have succumbed to the inevitable when it was no longer possible to stem the flowing tide. The spell of lethargy having been broken, it is not improbable that Gomersal may, in the near future, keep pace in activity and development with its neighbors and rivals.

A special interest attaches to Gomersal, because of all places in the world it was that which was, perhaps, dearest to the heart of Charlotte Brontë. She loved it even better than the storm-swept Haworth, where, with brief intervals, her own too short life was spent. There is nothing more

beautiful in literary history than the strong affection which existed between Miss Brontë, and her two friends, Miss Ellen Nussey and Miss Mary Taylor. Commencing with their school life at Roehead, near Dewsbury, the friendship grew in strength with the lengthening years, and it was only dissolved by death. Both Miss Nussey and Miss Taylor belonged to Gomersal, and here Miss Brontë delighted to spend her holidays at the houses of the parents or relatives of her fellow pupils. What a pure source of pleasure these visits were to her may be gathered from her letters as well as from many a passage in her books.

At that period Gomersal occupied a position of splendid isolation. Cut off from railways, its only means of communication with the outside world was by the cumbersome and slow method of the stage coach, and electricity was then undreamt of in that region. But all these things have changed. There is now a branch line of the London and North-Western Railway by which Gomersal can be reached from Leeds in a comparatively few minutes, for the distance separating the two places is very short. It is, perhaps, only in accordance with tradition that there is no train on the Sunday. This, however, need not prevent the anxious traveller journeying to Gomersal on the Sabbath. The current of electricity has trickled into the district, so that if the intending passenger happen to be staying at Leeds he can, even on the Sunday, reach Gomersal by the electric trams, the only drawback being that he must first go to Bradford, a rather roundabout way of attaining his end. These electric trams run along the main thoroughfare of Gomersal, which has now direct communication with Bradford, Leeds, Batley, Heckmondwike, Birstal, Dewsbury, and other centres of industry.

Still, with all these improvements, Gomersal is little changed from the days when Charlotte Brontë knew it. Its buildings remain the same, there have been few additions to the number of its houses, and the mode of speech is that which, though it was like music to the ears of Miss Brontë, was so terribly repellant and perplexing to her friend and biographer, Mrs. Gaskell, as to induce her to regard this part of the West Riding as scarcely better than the uncivilized wilds of Africa, and its people but one degree removed from the status of savages.

Notwithstanding its close proximity to great manufacturing towns, Gomersal retains much of the charm of sylvan simplicity which made it such a favorite with Charlotte Brontë. One can enter broad avenues of overhanging trees which in summer form a cool and pleasant shelter from the heat of the noontide sun. There are charming valleys intersected by running streams; there are bits of woodland dotted on the hillsides; there are well-kept meadows traversing hill and dale, and there is that diversity of scenery which, but for the occasional intrusion in the distance of a tall chimney betokening the vicinity of a mill, would lead to the belief that one was in the centre of the lake district or in some spot equally picturesque. The process of manufacture, it is true, has somewhat stunted the growth of the trees and militated against vegetation; but yet, despite this drawback, there is a wildness, a grandeur, and a ruggedness of contour about this district which appeal not only to the poet and painter, but to all real lovers of nature. Standing on Hill Top at Gomersal, one has a view which it would be difficult to surpass. As far as the eye can reach there is a blending of all that is most delightful in contrast, valley and hill alternating and stretching away, while in the far distance the stern Pennine Range

crosses the horizon until its towering peaks are lost in mist and cloud.

Gomersal (including Birstal, which adjoins it) is the very heart of the district with which *Shirley* is concerned. With the book in his hand the Brontë enthusiast can go from one scene of the novel to another, and he will be gratified to find that the descriptions are as true to-day as they were at the time they were written. *Shirley* was Charlotte's Brontë's first attempt to deal in a fictional form with the events of history, so far as they related to a particular neighborhood, and a reference to the newspaper files of the time will show how accurately she handled her facts, even though treating them as subservient to her story. It is objected to *Shirley* that the plot is too slight; but be this as it may, there is no lack of incident in the book, while the descriptive portions are always striking. The narrative is woven round the successful efforts of a local manufacturer, Robert Gerard Moore, to meet increasing competition by adopting new methods in his mill; and it is the opposition he encountered in introducing machinery to do that which had hitherto been done by manual labor, that led to the rise of his workmen and to the conflict which necessitated the calling in of the military and the shedding of blood. The master, who was well-meaning, and clearly had right and justice on his side, was, in the end, the victor; and in time, his own employées, as well as the other manufacturers of the district, who had at first been inclined to look askance at his course of conduct and gravely to question his means of accomplishing his purpose, recognized the integrity of his aims and the manly honesty by which he attained them.

The other principal characters who figure in this work are Shirley Keeldar, the heroine; her friend, Caroline Hel-

stone, the niece of the rector of Briarfield; the Rev. Matthewson Helstone, the rector in question, and Hiram Yorke. All these persons were identified the moment that the book was read by the residents of the stretch of country surrounding Gomersal. There could be no mistake. Briarfield, the scene of the novel, is Gomersal (and under this name was included Birstal, the two parishes being treated throughout as one). Fieldhead, the residence of Shirley, is Oakwell Hall, an old-fashioned building between Gomersal and Birstal, which exists to this day in appearance exactly as it was when Charlotte Brontë depicted it. Briarmains, the dwelling of Hiram Yorke, known locally as the Red House, may be still seen standing close to the high road at Gomersal, and one can now alight from the electric tram at its very gate. Hollows Mill, where the riot of the workmen took place, is a factory at Hunsworth, a mile or two from Gomersal, which was worked by the Yorkes, the cottage adjoining being always occupied by a member of the family, and here Charlotte Brontë stayed many a time on her visits to her friends. Briarfield Church in the story is Birstal Church, which, unlike all the other places, has been altered and improved very materially since it was described by Miss Brontë; but the Vicarage, where she located Caroline Helstone and her uncle, across the road a short distance from the church itself, remains the same. Other spots are equally easy of identification.

Of the minor characters in *Shirley* the three curates, the Rev. Joseph Donne, the Rev. Peter Augustus Malone and the Rev. David Sweeting, play the most prominent part. The first of these, Mr. Donne, was the curate of Whinbury (Dewsbury). In real life he was the Rev. Joseph Brett Grant, B.A., who, in 1844 was headmaster of Haworth Grammar School,

being appointed in the following year incumbent, and afterwards vicar of Oxenhope, where he died more than a quarter of a century later. Mr. Malone, the curate of Briarfield (Gomersal), was a sketch of the Rev. James William Smith, a native of Ireland, whose love of conviviality at one period threatened to involve Charlotte Brontë's father in a similar liking for strong liquors. From 1842 to 1844 Mr. Smith was curate to Mr. Brontë at Haworth, and in 1844 he was appointed to the curacy of the neighboring town of Keighley, where he remained until 1846. He then returned to Ireland, whence after a brief stay he set out for Canada. According to one story the vessel in which he sailed was lost with all hands, but another account states that he arrived in Canada, and was last heard of in Minnesota. Rev. David Sweeting was intended for the Rev. James Chesterton Bradley, curate of Oakworth, near Keighley, to which he was appointed in 1845. He had graduated at Oxford in 1843. A long illness, which threatened to terminate fatally, induced Mr. Bradley to resign his Yorkshire charge, and it was not till considerably later that he was able to resume his clerical duties. In 1847 he became curate of All Saints', Paddington, remaining here till 1855. In 1856 he went as curate to Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire, where he labored for several years, and in 1863 he became rector of Sutton-under-Brails, Warwickshire, retiring in 1904, owing to his advancing years. Notwithstanding his great age, it is pleasing to note that Mr. Bradley is still fairly active, and that he lives at Richmond, in Surrey.

To two of the curates—Donne and Malone—Miss Brontë showed but scant courtesy. They are drawn with scarce a redeeming feature; they have all the faults and none of the virtues of their class. Ignorant and arrogant,

ill-bred and ill-mannered, they are the very antithesis of the country curates as we know them. The picture was, no doubt, painted in exaggerated colors, the authoress at the time relying probably on her pen name to shield her from discovery and on the disguise in those of her victims to hide them from the too curious. But there were certain traits in their characters which could not be mistaken, and the secret was soon out. We have, however, the testimony of the Rev. Mr. Bradley himself to the high esteem in which his two clerical friends were held, and to the conscientious manner in which they discharged their duties. That they could not have been very lacking in Christian forbearance is proved by Miss Brontë herself, for after the first momentary shock consequent upon finding themselves delineated as such brutes, they quietly accepted the situation, and showed so little ill-feeling that they were actually in the habit of calling themselves by the names in which they are ticketed in the book.

Writing to her publishers, and referring to an adverse criticism that had appeared in one of the newspapers, Miss Brontë says:

I think it has had very little weight up here in the north. It may be that annoying remarks if made, are not intended to reach my ears; but certainly, while I have heard little condemnatory of *Shirley*, more than once have I been deeply moved by manifestations of even enthusiastic approbation. I deem it unwise to dwell much on these matters; but for once I must permit myself to remark that the generous pride many of the Yorkshire people have taken in the matter has been such as to awake and claim my gratitude—especially since it has afforded a source of reviving pleasure to my father in his old age. The very curates, poor fellows, show no resentment; each, characteristically, finds solace for his own wounds in crowing over his brethren. Mr. Donne was, at first, a little dis-

turbed; for a week or two he was in disquietude, but he is now soothed down; only yesterday I had the pleasure of making him a comfortable cup of tea, and seeing him sip it with revived complacency. It is a curious fact that since he read *Shirley* he has come to the house oftener than ever, and been remarkably meek and assiduous to please. Some people's natures are veritable enigmas; I quite expected to have had one good scene at least with him, but as yet nothing of the sort has occurred.

But the curates were not all painted in lurid colors. The Rev. David Sweeting, for instance, was shown to be a young cleric full of enthusiasm for his vocation, courteous and obliging, and never sparing of himself in his efforts to promote the happiness of those among whom he labored. And, again, toward the very end of the book another curate is introduced, also an Irishman, the desire of the writer evidently being to dispel somewhat of the idea that curates from the sister country—from which her own father hailed—were more given to dissipation than their English *confrères*. There had come to succeed Mr. Malone in the curacy of Briarfield the Rev. Mr. Macarthey, and this is how he is spoken of in the novel:

I am happy to be able to inform you, with truth, that this gentleman did as much credit to his country as Malone had done it discredit; he proved himself decent, decorous, and conscientious, as Peter was rampant, boisterous, and—(this last epithet I choose to suppress, because it would let the cat out of the bag). He labored faithfully in the parish; the schools, both Sunday and day schools, flourished under his sway like green bay-trees. Being human, of course he had his faults; these, however, were proper, steady-going clerical faults, what many would call virtues; the circumstance of finding himself invited to tea with a Dissenter would unhinge him for a week; the spectacle of

a Quaker wearing his hat in the church, the thought of an unbaptized fellow-creature being interred with Christian rites—these things would make strange havoc in Mr. Macarthey's physical and mental economy; otherwise he was sane and rational, diligent and charitable.

The Mr. Macarthey here referred to was the Rev. A. B. Nichols, who came to Haworth as Mr. Brontë's curate. He fell in love with the gifted authoress, and after a time she came to regard him with equal affection. Mr. Brontë for long opposed the match, but ultimately was as anxious for it as the lovers themselves. The marriage accordingly took place, but, alas! the union was of short duration. Nine months after, Charlotte Brontë was laid to rest in the family grave at Haworth. It is a singular commentary on the situation that although Mr. Brontë's objection to the marriage was the precarious health of his then curate, the Rev. Mr. Nichols still survives, living in his own native country.

Some of the most brilliant chapters in the novel are those in which the curates figure. Take, for instance, the one headed "Mr. Donne's Exodus." Mr. Donne and Mr. Malone pay a visit to Fieldhead, for, as Shirley observes, these clerical gentlemen always hunt in couples. At the outset we are treated to a bit of light comedy. Shirley has a faithful dog, Tartar, who offends Mr. Donne by barking on the arrival of the strangers within the gates. "Down, sir!" cries the rev. gentleman, at the same time administering a blow to the animal. This is more than Tartar, unaccustomed to such attentions, can stand, and he at once turns upon his assailant. There is a rush for the staircase leading from the hall, and it is a race between the valorous curates as to who shall first reach a place of safety. Mr. Donne is the quicker of the two, and obtaining the sanctuary

of a bedroom, unmindful of the fate of his companion, he hurriedly closes and locks the door. Meanwhile, Mr. Malone, having gained the door, pulls frantically at the handle, vainly entreating the occupant to admit him also. The entry of Shirley puts an end to a ludicrous situation. She calms Tartar, soothes the fears of Mr. Malone, and, later, induces the gallant Mr. Donne to quit the refuge of his fortress. With true Hibernian readiness, Mr. Malone has a prompt excuse for his undignified retreat. "Really, that animal alarmed Donne. He is a little timid. . . . I thought it better to follow him to reassure him."

From comedy we pass to a more tragic vein. The company has been augmented by the addition of Mr. Sweeting and his vicar, Mr. Hall—a delightful man, beloved of all his parishioners, and esteemed by his Non-conformist neighbors. But the irrepressible Mr. Donne is again to cause a diversion. He explains that he has come on a begging mission, the object of his solicitations being a school in a distant parish of which Shirley has no knowledge, and in which, as she points out, she has no property. "That does not signify," says Mr. Donne, "for you're a Churchwoman, ain't you?" Thus he patters on, impervious to the sarcasm in Shirley's remarks, even when, after he has described the people of the parish as "a set of uncivilized brutes," he has been told that in him they would have a thoroughly sympathetic missionary. The climax is approaching. Shirley puts down her name for £5. Donne, without the slightest preface, characterizes the sum as "shabby," and proceeds to inform the donor that in the South a lady with a similar income would be ashamed to give such a small amount. What follows is well worth quoting:

Shirley, so rarely haughty, looked so now. Her slight frame became nerved; her distinguished face quickened with scorn.

"Strange remarks," said she; "most inconsiderate. Reproach in return for bounty is misplaced."

"Bounty! Do you call five pounds bounty?"

"I do; and bounty which, had I not given it to Dr. Boulton's intended school, of the erection of which I approve, and in no sort to his curate, who seems ill-advised in his manner of applying, or rather extorting, subscriptions—bounty, I repeat, which, but for this consideration, I should instantly reclaim."

Donne was thick-skinned; he did not feel all or half that the tone, air, glance of the speaker expressed; he knew not on what ground he stood.

"Wretched place—this Yorkshire," he went on. "I could never have formed an idea of the country had I not seen it; and the people, rich and poor—what a set! How coarse and uncultivated! They would be scouted in the South."

Shirley leaned forward on the table, her nostrils dilating a little, her taper fingers interlaced and compressing each other hard.

"The rich," pursued the infatuated and unconscious Donne, "are a parcel of misers, never living as persons with their incomes ought to live; you scarsley" (you must excuse Mr. Donne's pronunciation, reader, it was very choice. He considered it genteel, and prided himself on his southern accent; northern ears received with singular sensations his utterance of certain words) "you scarsley ever see a fam'ly where a propa carriage or a reg'lar butla is kep, and as to the poor—just look at them when they come crowding about the church doors on the occasion of a marriage or a funeral, clattering in clogs; the men in their shirt-sleeves and wool-combers' aprons, the women in mob-caps and bedgowns. They positively deserve that one should turn a mad cow in amongst them to rout their rabble ranks. He! he! What fun it would be!"

"There, you have reached the climax," said Shirley quietly. "You have

reached the climax," she repeated, turning her glowing glance towards him. "You cannot go beyond it, and," she added with emphasis, "you shall not in my house."

Up she rose. Nobody could control her now, for she was exasperated; straight she walked to her garden gates; wide she flung them open.

"Walk through," she said austere, "and pretty quickly, and set foot on this pavement no more."

Donne was astounded. He had thought all the time he was showing himself off to high advantage, as a lofty person of the first "ton"; he imagined he was producing a crushing impression. Had he not expressed disdain of everything in Yorkshire? And yet here was he about to be turned like a dog out of a Yorkshire garden! Where, under such circumstances, was the "concatenation accordingly"?

"Rid me of you instantly—instantly," reiterated Shirley, as he lingered.

"Madam, a clergyman! Turn out a clergyman?"

"Off! Were you an archbishop, you have proved yourself no gentleman, and you must go. Quick."

She was quite resolved; there was no trifling with her; besides, Tartar was again rising; he perceived symptoms of emotion; he manifested a disposition to join in; there was evidently nothing for it but to go, and Donne made his exodus, the heiress sweeping him a deep curtsy as she closed the gates on him.

"How dare the pompous priest abuse his flock? How dare the lisping Cockney revile Yorkshire?" was her sole observation on the circumstance as she returned to the table.

Ere long the little party broke up. Miss Keeldar's ruffled and darkened brow, curled lip, and incensed eye gave no invitation to further social enjoyment.

Turning again to the principals in the novel, Robert Gerard Moore was Mr. William Cartwright, of Rawfolds Mill, Liversedge, a village lying contiguous to Gomersal. The riot really took place at Rawfolds, though Miss Brontë has transferred the scene to Huns-

worth, with which she was much better acquainted.

The Rev. Matthewson Helstone, who was accompanied by his curate, Malone, assisted Mr. Moore on the occasion of the night attack on the mill by the rioters. Mr. Helstone was drawn from the Rev. Hammond Roberson, of Liversedge, a native of Cawston, Norfolk, who, after leaving Cambridge University, was appointed, in 1779, to a curacy at Dewsbury. This position he resigned a year later, and opening a school at Dewsbury Moor began a most useful and successful career as a teacher. In 1795 he purchased Healds Hall, Liversedge, which was his abode to the end of his life. In the same year he was presented to the living of Hartshead-cum-Clifton. At Healds Hall, the largest house in Liversedge, he continued to conduct a boys' school, and such a reputation did he acquire for sound and practical teaching that he earned a very large income from this source. He did not, however, hoard up his money. Entirely at his own expense he built Christ Church, Liversedge, at a cost of £7474, and he became its first incumbent. It was also mainly through his efforts that churches were erected in the neighboring parishes of Cleckheaton and Birkenshaw. Of stern, old high Tory principles, it was but natural that in days when party feeling was so strong, he should have been regarded with something of disfavor by the red-hot Radicals of the district. He was a man of unconquerable courage, self-sacrificing and generous to a degree, of a tenacity of purpose which scarcely anything could move, when once he had mapped out a course which he thought was right. To the poor he was kind and benevolent, and differences of politics or religion were quite obliterated from his mind whenever a question of distress arose. He died at Liversedge in 1841, aged eighty-four years, and by

his own express directions was buried in a simple grave in Liversedge churchyard, the inscription on the plain little headstone reading: "The Rev. Hammond Roberson. Founder of this church in 1816. Died August 9, 1841, aged 84."

The late Mr. Frank Peel, in his *Spenn Valley: Past and Present*, gives a full account of the riot at Rawfolds, and an excellent sketch of Mr. Roberson. He mentions that a local oddity named Richard Kitchen, but who was better known as Dick Dawber—no doubt a polite way of indicating his profession—was employed by Mr. Roberson to do the plastering in connection with the new church at Liversedge. Looking in one day to see how the work progressed, he heard a lusty voice trolling the chorus:

She is young, and she is beautiful,
The fairest girl I know;
The only girl that 'tices me
Is Irish Molly O!

The singer was Dick, who was keeping time by vigorously plying his trowel in manipulating the plaster. "Richard, Richard," called out Mr. Roberson, "do you know where you are? Such profane trash as that should not be sung in a church." Richard was profuse in his apologies, and humbly inquired what selection would be properly applicable to the nature of the edifice, as work he could not unless he was allowed to sing at the same time. "Oh, if you must sing," was the reply, "let it be the 'Old Hundred.'" Mr. Roberson then left, but returning a little afterwards, he found Dick droning out the "Old Hundred" in the slowest of measure, and as his trowel only kept pace with the speed of the music, the plastering was making correspondingly slow progress. "Dick, Dick, this will never do," bawled out the pastor. "Strike up 'Irish Molly' again." Nothing loth Dick complied with the wel-

come request, and any cause of complaint as to the rate of the trowelling was removed.

Another anecdote for which we are indebted to Mr. Peel, has reference to the proceedings at Rawfolds. Mr. Roberson was called upon to attend to two workers who had taken part in the onslaught, in which they had received fatal injuries. The reverend gentleman was most anxious that the men should confess who had been their accomplices. One of them died without uttering a word on the subject. As the other lay at the point of death, he beckoned Mr. Roberson, who hastened to his side in the full expectation that he was about to learn the fateful tidings. This belief was strengthened by the first words of the sufferer. "Can you keep a secret?" he gasped. "I can," was the eager response of the clergyman. "So can I," said the dying man, and immediately afterwards he calmly passed away.

Perhaps the most interesting figure in the book is that of Hiram Yorke, which is acknowledged to be a faithful portrait of Mr. Joshua Taylor, a cloth manufacturer and banker, residing at Red House, Gomersal, whose mill was at Hunsworth. A man of excellent education and of wide reading, Mr. Yorke had travelled much on the Continent, had lived in France, and spoke its language with all the fluency and ease of a native. A Radical of the most unbending type, frank to the verge of brutality, intolerant of abuses, and a hater of shams, he was somewhat feared by the rich, but absolutely loved by the poor. His sarcasm—always keen and pointed—was as cutting as the lash of a whip, and to supersensitive minds often left a rankling sore behind. He was eminently just in all his dealings, considerate in the treatment of his work-people, and, though he himself neither courted fame nor cared for the opinion

of any one, was yet the most popular man in the district with the rank and file. Between him and Mr. Roberson there was the strongest antagonism expressed in many a wordy conflict in which, though on different lines, the combatants were pretty evenly matched. The superior vein of irony, however, in Mr. Yorke's temperament often left him the victor over the parson.

It would have surprised southerners to have heard Mr. Yorke, unaccustomed as they are to this type of character. He could adapt himself to any company. Place him amongst the most learned and he could carry on the conversation in the purest of English, informed by his extensive knowledge, his ripe experience of men and affairs, and his familiarity with the usages and customs of foreign countries acquired by his residence in strange lands. Pass without pause into another room, occupied, say, by Yorkshiremen of the artisan class, Mr. Yorke would converse with them in their own language, that rich broad Doric, which so greatly troubles the stranger, without a pause, or suspicion in his tones that this was not his only mode of speech. "A Yorkshire burr," he affirmed, "was as much better than a Cockney's lisp, as a bull's bellow than a ratton's squeak."

At this very moment there are many Yorkshire manufacturers who possess the same bi-lingual qualification. Is not Haworth itself in the wapentake of Morley, a pushing little woollen borough some three miles from Gomersal? Morley has the distinction of being the birthplace of our present Chancellor of the Exchequer, and if Mr. Asquith has kept up his intimacy with the town of his nativity, as no doubt he has, he could easily point to half a dozen prominent mill-owners, who while able to hold their own conversationally with the best wits of a London drawing-

room, could, at the same time, step into an adjoining apartment and, with equal facility, join in a discussion conducted in the dialect rarely heard outside their own West Riding.

Hiram Yorke was the champion of the oppressed and the espouser of struggling causes. There is in the main street at Gomersal at this very day a building which he gave to a poor sect when they had no place in which to worship. It is supposed to be the Wesleyan chapel where the remarkable service and the impassioned singing referred to in *Shirley* took place, but it has since been diverted from its original purpose, whatever that was, and is now used as a carpenter's shop. The Yorkes, or to give them their real name, the Taylors, were for generations one of the leading families of Gomersal. The Red House ("Briar-bains") was built so far back as 1660, and was continuously occupied by a representative of the Taylors for nearly two centuries. At the time that Charlotte Brontë made their acquaintance, the period of their prosperity had set. Mr. Joshua Taylor becoming involved in heavy financial loss, the family were scattered, and the old house eventually passed out of their possession. It speaks well for the integrity of the sons that, laboring far apart, they never lost sight of one object, that of preserving untarnished the high name they had always borne for their straightforward dealing, and that they paid to the uttermost farthing the liabilities incurred by their father. Readers of *Shirley* will learn with delight that once more the old house has reverted to the possession of the old family, and is again occupied by a bearer of the honored name.

The Taylors carried their independence to the point of eccentricity. They chose to be buried, not in the ordinary place of sepulchre, but in a

spot on their own estate. A little way from the main road at Gomersal, on the side of a wooded glen which formed part of their property, is a small burial ground in which rest "Hiram Yorke" and some other members of the Taylor family. This strange cemetery in miniature is railed off from the remainder of the copse in which it is situate, but it is possible to discern the tombs from a neighboring field, each having its own separate headstone.

It was at Red House that Miss Brontë visited her two schoolmates, Rose and Jessie Yorke, of *Shirley* the elder being Mary and the younger Martha Taylor, the daughters of Joshua Taylor. Martha died quite young, in 1842, while she was at school with Mary, a short distance outside Brussels.

She lived through an April day; much loved was she, much loving. She often, in her brief life, shed tears; she had frequent sorrows; she smiled between, gladdening whatever saw her. Her death was tranquil and happy in Rose's guardian arms, for Rose had been her stay and defender through many trials; the dying and the watching English girls were at that hour alone in a foreign country, and the soil of that country gave Jessie a grave.

Mary Taylor survived to a ripe old age. Soon after leaving Brussels, and when her father's affairs rendered it impossible for them to live as they had hitherto done, Mary, with that spirit of independence which was part of the heritage of the family, decided that she would "fend" for herself, as they say in Yorkshire, that is, that she would try and earn her own livelihood. There was no necessity for such a drastic course as this, suggested Miss Brontë in a letter to Miss Nussey, who had hinted that Miss Taylor had views of emigrating to

New Zealand, where openings were thought to be more numerous and the chances brighter for the moment than they were in the old country. But Miss Taylor could not bear the idea of being a burden to any one, and, besides, she had the ambition to do whatever she could to restore the broken fortunes of her house. Accordingly she went with a brother to New Zealand, where she embarked in the business of a store, and her native shrewdness, her keen capacity for business, and, be it said, her indefatigable industry, enabled her to amass sufficient capital to permit of her return, many years later, to Gomersal. Here she built herself a comfortable residence, High Royd, within convenient reach of her old home, among old friends, whose love for the family never diminished, just on the dip of the hill leading to the quaint burial-ground where several of her relatives had been laid in their last resting place. She died so recently as 1893, and is buried in Gomersal Churchyard. A lifelong friend and admirer of Charlotte Brontë, she has borne eloquent testimony to the truth of the novelist's sketches of Yorkshire characters. She was all the more qualified to do this seeing that she was herself an authoress, with a pen of rare power, though a dislike of notoriety stood in the way of her cultivating this precious gift.

Only two more of the principal characters of *Shirley* remain. Of these, the one that gives the title to the novel was intended as a representative of what Emily Brontë would have become had life been spared to her and health and wealth been her portion. Shirley had all Emily's love of the moors and her fondness for animals. The incident appertaining to the concealment by Shirley of the fact that she had been bitten by a dog supposed to have been mad, and in which, disregarding

all pain, she herself cauterized the wound with an ordinary iron used for starching domestic linen, is taken direct from life, for this is exactly what Emily Brontë did, when she had been bitten by one of the dogs at Haworth.

Speaking of Caroline Helstone, Mrs. Humphry Ward ventures the opinion that for delicacy, poetry, divination, charm, Caroline stands supreme among the women of Miss Brontë's gallery. The question arises, who is intended to be represented here? The general impression is that, under this name, Miss Brontë has given a portrait of Miss Nussey. To the very last Miss Nussey firmly believed this, and there is no shadow of doubt that many of the traits in Caroline had been copied by Miss Brontë from her friend. And never was there a more beautiful friendship. Commencing, as it has been pointed out, with their school-days, it was sundered only by death; and after Charlotte Brontë had been laid in the tomb, Miss Nussey, jealous of her fame, guarded her literary reputation from the assaults of ignorance or misconception with all the ardor of the mother protecting her offspring.

Miss Nussey was born at Gomersal in 1817, and except for the few years she spent at school, practically passed all her life in the village, every stone of which she knew. It was on visits to her and the Taylors that Charlotte Brontë, with her quick powers of observation, assimilated that store of local knowledge which was subsequently to surprise even her friends with its truth of detail and accuracy

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of treatment. In those early days Miss Nussey's family resided at a house called the Rydings, but in later years she lived at Brookroyd, and latterly at Moor Lane House. Miss Nussey, too, was gifted with the literary faculty, and those of her letters which have seen the light of publication are charming in their style and diction, and for almost all we know of Miss Brontë we are indebted to Miss Nussey. Every letter that she received from the friend at Haworth she preserved with religious care, and it is to this fact that we owe one of the most interesting of literary biographies. It was only at the earnest solicitation of Miss Nussey that the Rev. Patrick Brontë and his son-in-law consented to the preparation of the life of Charlotte Brontë, which was subsequently written by Mrs. Gaskell.

Miss Nussey, who died on November 26, 1897, at the age of eighty, is buried in the churchyard at Bristal ("Briarfield"). She is well remembered at Gomersal, of which she was one of the most respected inhabitants. For very many years she was a constant visitor to the house of Mr. J. Robinson, Willow Cottage, West Lane, the mother-in-law of Mr. Robinson—who, by the way, was born, lived all her life there, and died in Willow Cottage—being one of her particular friends. Here there were many conversations about Charlotte Brontë, and in one of the rooms at the present time there is a chair which it is said the distinguished novelist herself was wont to occupy in former days.

Ernest Hobson.

BEAUJEU.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MR. HEALY DESERTS A CONVERSATION.

Four angry troopers of the Blues came over the crest of the hill and

saw a dusty gentleman trudging on leading an unwilling steed.

"'Od rot ye! Halte là!" cried their corporal.

Mr. Healy turned and smiled upon them and waited: "Can you lend me a horse now?" says he.

At which the corporal became profane, and reining up close on Mr. Healy's toes, "And where in hell is the knave that was with you?" he cried.

"The knave that was with me?" Mr. Healy repeated in pure amazement—then laughed. "Sure, 'tis early hours to be seeing double."

"Rot your bones, there was two of you," growled the corporal.

"There is myself and my horse—sure now if you look at the beast like that he will fall down," says Mr. Healy.

"Stick me!" growled the corporal and scratched his head, and the troopers stood in their stirrups to peer all ways through the gathering gloom. But Beaujeu was not the man to be needlessly visible, and never a sound of him came over the turf. So they sat down again and stared at one another and gaped. "Look 'e," says the corporal, "I take you for a dirty Oranger."

Mr. Healy laughed. "Faith, you are a wit," says he. "Will you tell me now am I going to Winterslow?"

"And what a pox have you to do at Winterslow?"

"'Tis a bit of a message from the King to Colonel Salkeld."

The corporal laughed hoarsely. "You'll tell that to my lord Feversham, my bully."

"'Twill be purely joyous for me. But I have told him once to-day, my dear."

"What?" roared the corporal. "And Feversham sent you to Winterslow?"

"He did that."

"Why, stick me, the Orangers are at Winterslow!"

"Oh dear, oh dear!" says Mr. Healy. "But faith, now, you are bubbling me?"

"Rot me if I am. We saw Klopstock's horse ride in at noon."

"Klopstock?" cried Mr. Healy: and then swiftly added, "'Tis a jewel of a name indeed! And where will I find Salkeld then? Oh dear, oh dear! I'll have to be getting back to Andover."

"Odso, you will, my bully," growled the corporal, frowning at him. "Stick me if I like your tale. Up with you now."

"Mount, is it? No, thank you, my dear. I am not wanting to break my nose."

"Gadsbud, what ails you with the brute? He was carrying you well enough when I saw you."

"Sure 'twas when you saw two of me, that," Mr. Healy remarked. "Why, my dear, there is a stone in his off fore and the Bucephalus is lame to boot."

"Fetch the stone out then, curse you."

"I have broke all my fingers already. Egad, do you think I would be walking for my health?"

"Oh, rot you for a bumpkin," growled the corporal, and swung down. "Let me see it now." As he stooped to the leg, Mr. Healy craftily twitched the nostril of the steed, who reared indignant and came down on the corporal's toe. Whence a dance and much profanity. "Here, you, Bowdon, come hold the brute," cried the corporal at last. "Stand off, you lean put."

Mr. Healy obediently retired as trooper Bowdon approached. Mr. Healy retired slowly, talking fast: "Be easy now! 'Tis Beelzebub's own temper he has. Oh dear, oh dear, be easy or he'll stamp on you both. Sure now—good luck to you." He had sprung at one bound on the corporal's horse, he snatched the bridle of Bowdon's, dashed in his spurs and went galloping off with the pair.

There were yells and oaths behind and the two mounted men started af-

ter him. Mr. Healy found his stirrups and began to unbuckle the strap that held the musket bucket. In a moment musket and all crashed down behind him and his horse sprang forward more lightly.

So Mr. Healy and his white flower deserted the conversation. Mr. Healy thundered on through the twilight over that lean country and the lusty troopers spurred after him in vain. Mr. Healy was thinking hard, but he rode like M. Duval. The burdened troopers were out of sight and hearing when a "Halt, thou!" rang out from the gloom in a German voice.

"Quarter guard!" roared Mr. Healy in German, reining up violently.

The guard started up out of the ground, and Mr. Healy dismounting cried: "Colonel Klopstock?"

"Colonel Klopstock commands," says the sergeant.

"Take me to him, my friend."

"So!" says the sergeant, something surprised, "You ask for what you would get without asking, sir. Files!" and between two pair of troopers Mr. Healy was ushered into the kitchen of Winterslow inn. Colonel Klopstock was aiding and abetting a buxom maid to butter eggs: he turned and his long red face was dark in the firelight when Mr. Healy remarked blandly from the gloom:

"Klopstock, my dear, do you know Jim Healy yet?"

Colonel Klopstock, his loose belt jingling, sprang to him and dragged him forward into the firelight, stared at him a moment and straightway embraced him.

"Aw, dear," says the buxom maid, and giggled.

"I have little time for it indeed," says Mr. Healy extricating himself.

"Do you recall Beaujeu, Klopstock?"

"Thunder of heaven! Will I forget—?"

"Well, my dear, he is being mur-

dered a four mile away. Will you give me a troop now?"

Colonel Klopstock jumped to the door: "Trumpet of the first troop!" he roared. "First troop saddle!" A trumpet blared, the turf boomed with hurrying feet and hoofs and: "A troop was enough for you?" says Klopstock turning to Mr. Healy.

Healy nodded: "Ay, but I am tied to seconds now."

"My troops turn out in three minutes," says Klopstock simply, and walked out with him to the street. "I move to support you, if you choose, my dear."

"I'll not need you, indeed," says Mr. Healy.

"So. God be with you. They are there!" he took Mr. Healy with him to the ranks. "Franz, dismount. Healy, a horse for you. Captain Hegel, you act under this officer's orders. March." The old soldier watched them clatter off, and "So," says he again philosophically. "There was not enough eggs for two," and walked back to eat them.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN DEATH.

In the bloody doorway M. de Beaujeu still stood on guard. Away in the dark corridor the two that alone were left to meet him muttered together, and behind him a sob broke ever and again from Rose. But he dared not go to her, and he waited, tortured by her pain, every sense and muscle strained to meet those foes in the dark. At last Mr. O'Gorman began to draw himself along the ground, like a creeping thing, gasping, and he came to his friends, and the mutterings grew louder. "God blast me to hell, if I leave him now," he heard Mr. O'Gorman growl.

"Then meet him yourself, Pat! My lord is gone, and there is half of us down, and we be no match for the devil."

"Nor I've no quarrel with him, neither. My lord is on his back——"

"Rot ye, do I not know it?" yelled Mr. O'Gorman.

"Ye should!" and strife began in the corridor, when there was a great shout.

"Orange! Orange!" and the clatter and clank of steel and the three bullies scurried together past Beaujeu's door and down the back stair. Mr. Healy's voice was uplifted over the thud of many boots. "Beaujeu! Beaujeu!"

"Here!" cried Beaujeu amazed. "Here!" and Mr. Healy running hot-foot stumbled over the bodies into his arms.

"My dear, is she safe?" Healy panted.

"Safe," said Beaujeu very quietly, holding him.

"God would be thinking of her," said Mr. Healy in a moment. Then turned and cried in German, "Bring lights, lad!"

"Not yet," said Beaujeu quickly, and turned and said, "Rose!" She ran to him through the dark, and dropping his wet sword he lifted her and carried her out over the dead. He bore her away down the corridor, and tried a door on the farther side, and passed on to a moonlit room, and shut the door on the turmoil and the noise. Then he set her down, but he held her to his breast, and she clung to him, laughing and sobbing wildly.

At last she grew calmer a little, and "Art safe now, love!" he whispered in her ear, "safe!"

"Yes, yes!" she cried, and clung the closer—then sobbed again.

"Love, dear love, try to forget."

There was much noise without, the sound of dragged bodies and hoarse laughter. "What are they doing?" she cried, lifting her head, and he saw her wan, worn face. "Dear—go—go—see they do not dishonor my lord. 'Twas for me he died."

And Beaujeu, gazing down into the

wet, dark eyes, said slowly, "I think he was glad, love. I go," and gently he set her in a chair and went out.

Klopstock's Horse were arranging the dead in a line, mirthfully, and flickering candle-light fell on the blood and the grinning faces.

Beaujeu laid his kerchief over that ghastly wound in the jaw, and looked down at the dead man's eyes. They were wide open and fearless. "Help me, Healy," said Beaujeu, and the two bore my lord Sherborne away and laid him upon a bed. Beaujeu went out, and Mr. Healy brought candles and set them at head and foot and drew his sword to salute the dead.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONCERNING DUTY AND M. DE BENTINCK.

In the mellow light of a November afternoon they came over the gaunt downs with the troopers clattering in escort. The warm wind met them from the west, and a dainty light tinge of color stole to Rose's pale cheeks. She felt Beaujeu's eyes upon her, and turned and smiled to him: "'Tis like summer again."

"Summer at last," said Beaujeu softly, and she blushed and made no answer.

Beyond Winterslow Mr. Healy shouted an order in German and touched his hat to Captain Hegel, who rode out to the flank, and half the troops wheeled away, a medley of lemon yellow, and dark blue, and steel, all flashing and shimmering in the sunshine. Then as they halted in line on the gray green turf the Captain spake, and the long swords flashed out in salute while Beaujeu and his lady rode by. Beaujeu, touching his hat, leant over to her, and "'Tis for you, dear."

"For me?" she flushed dark as she turned on him wide-eyed.

"The first time," says Beaujeu, smiling at her, "not the last," and again she made no answer. Looking straight

before her, she rode down that long line of steel, and she bit her lip and her brow was furrowed. But M. de Beaujeu was very well content. Such honor was proper for the lady of his love.

Indeed, he was happier than for many a day. It was pleasant to think that he had saved her—*pardieu* 'twas the first fair service he had ever done her—but 'twas good to have done something, at least. And now he had her safe by his side, and he would never let her go. Now he was riding triumphant to the Prince, to the army whom he had brought, whose way he had made easy. M. de Beaujeu had achieved. M. de Beaujeu rode with his love to be glorified.

But his love had no word for him. His love gazed wide-eyed into the golden west, and her fair face was very calm.

Past the outposts and over the bright river and into a street thronged with soldiers, through bear-skins, buff coats, and blue and gleaming cuirasses, they rode to an inn. Mr. Healy was waiting at the door and ushered them in, and departed to announce to the Prince M. de Beaujeu.

In a little parlor, fragrant with lavender and thyme that overhung the street, the two were left alone. Beaujeu smiled at her and said softly, "Rose!" and took her to his breast.

She did not deny him, she was very still in his arms; but she did not answer his kisses, and the eyes that sought his were sad and dark.

He made her sit beside him in the window. His arm was about her still, and, "We'll not part again, dear heart," he whispered low in her ear. "Wilt not deny me now?"

But her sad eyes gazed steadfast into his. "You forget," she said gently. "You know—"

"Ah, do you still doubt?" cried Beaujeu. "Child, when you fled because I

did not come, when you wrote that letter, you were unjust! Ay,"—as she started—"God knows you might well think me so base! Dear heart, I was not—that. I never meant to fail you—never a moment dreamed you less than my queen. Dear, what man is there in all the world but would hold me unworthy, not you? Rose, Rose, will you ever wrong yourself so?"

"Truly, truly did you not—not think it best?" she cried, and she was blushing, and tears were bright in her eyes.

"I was coming to you that morning when a fool must needs speak foully of Nell d'Abernon—my cousin, child, you remember? Well, I could not but challenge him, and the fool made me meet him at once. But for that fight I'd have been with you at noon." She gazed at him unanswering. "Before God, 'tis true, Rose!" he cried, flushing. "Should I lie to you?"

"Dear, I did not doubt," she said quickly, and laid her hand on his. "Twas like you." Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "And yet—and yet I am right, you know," she murmured piteously.

"Oh love, love—" He gathered her in his arms.

But a hurried step sounded on the stairs, and a man broke into the room without knocking, a lean fellow with a sallow bony face.

"M. de Beaujeu!" he cried. Beaujeu had started up, and stood before Rose.

"M. de Bentinck!" says Beaujeu.

"Oh, send your wench away," said Bentinck sharply.

"If M. de Bentinck cannot speak as a gentleman I will desire his Highness to use other messengers."

"Do you talk of his Highness's affairs in the stews?" snarled Bentinck.

M. de Beaujeu, who was very white, approached him: "You will ask pardon of this lady and of me, M. de Bentinck," he remarked coldly. "Or you

convey to his Highness my regret that I serve him no longer."

"What?" cried Bentinck, drawing back.

"I never repeat myself," Beaujeu observed, and as Bentinck waited, glaring and biting his lip, "I assure you, you will speak or you will go," Beaujeu informed him.

So M. de Bentinck, Dutch aristocrat, bowed himself, and, "Madame, I regret—" he growled, and glared at Beaujeu, who waited, "M. de Beaujeu, your servant."

"*Bien*," says Beaujeu, and turned to Rose, who sat very still and pale. "Mistress Charlbury, M. de Bentinck prays your leave to withdraw."

Rose bent her head, and the two men went out. When they were in another room, "I shall remember this, Beaujeu," Bentinck cried.

"It should be gratifying," Beaujeu sneered.

"I have to tell you that his Highness is displeased with you," says Bentinck, with satisfaction.

Beaujeu stared a moment, then: "His Highness is too exacting," he sneered.

"I shall report that," cried Bentinck.

"Certainly you will report that," said Beaujeu swiftly. "I, and I alone, have made this chance for his Highness—I have brought him the friends without whom he was weak as Monmouth—I have wrought for him success. But he is pleased to be displeased. *Bien*, inform him that I consider him too exacting." He spoke with careless scorn, and Bentinck cried anxiously:

"What does that mean?"

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "What his Highness pleases," said he.

"Do you desert us now?" cried Bentinck.

Beaujeu's lips curled in a sneering smile: he allowed Bentinck to look at it for a moment: "M. de Bentinck," says he amiably, "when you want help it is wise to ask politely."

Bentinck's sallow cheeks darkened. "You will confess that His Highness has cause of complaint?" he said more mildly.

"Believe me, I confess nothing."

"You promised to stay in London, to keep the town in hand, and you come here riding after a wench—"

"M. de Bentinck—when a boor offends me I thrash him."

"Oh, let her be the Virgin Mary then! Still you have failed in your duty—"

"I take that from his Highness only."

"What else can you say?" cried Bentinck. "There is London left without a man to speak for his Highness—"

"*Bien*, march on London. Let his Highness speak for himself."

"You allow you have failed us?"

"A trifle." Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "I say, monsieur, march at once. You may march over Feversham."

"The King is still at Whitehall," said Bentinck—and as Beaujeu stared: "Ay, monsieur, still! You told us the King would flee. We had counted on that. That was the foundation of all. And he does not flee! Tell me, then, what is to do." M. de Bentinck warmed to his subject. "We march, as you bid us foolishly, and take him. And what then? Shall we hold him captive? There would be a hundred plots in the year to free him. Shall we kill him? You know well that we dare not. These, our so good friends of this present, they would all turn against his Highness, they would all be champions of King James if one sought to cut off his anointed head. We dare not do that, and so we dare nothing. You perceive, monsieur, you have brought us to an *impasse*. His Highness desires to know if you have now any resource."

And Beaujeu stood biting his lip a long while.

Bentinck laughed at him—then

watched with a sneer—and at last broke out: "Ay, you boast and bluster, M. de Beaujeu, and this is the end of it all! You have misled us, you have failed us. We stay here like sheep, we can neither move on nor back. And then in your insolence you tell me you have helped his Highness to success! God help him from your help! You——"

"In fact you become eloquent," says Beaujeu quietly. "Take this to his Highness from me: I have brought you to Salisbury. By God, I will bring you to Whitehall." And he turned short on his heel and went out, and M. de Bentinck gaped.

But Beaujeu could find Rose nowhere. A maid told him at last that she was gone to her room. He sent

a message to beg her see him. She sent a message to beg him excuse her. He wrote her a note insisting that he must see her now, for the Prince bade him go incontinent to London. The note came back with "Dear, good-bye" scrawled upon it in an unsteady hand.

M. de Beaujeu swore and sought Mr. Healy: "Healy, I'll leave Mistress Charlbury to you." Mr. Healy opened his eyes. "The Prince requires me to go to London." Mr. Healy grunted. "Care for her. Bring her to me," said Beaujeu, in a low voice. Mr. Healy took his hand.

"You'll recall myself to Mistress Leigh?" he inquired: then laughed; "'Tis a topsy-turvy world indeed, and each of us wants to be t'other."

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(To be continued.)

H. C. Bailey.

THE BLAT ELEPHANT.

Ahman, my head boatman, came into the verandah by the front stairs, and I knew that he had important news. The old man had his own way of doing everything, and whenever he came to see me about the Government boats, or any other matter of pure business, he came in through the servant's entrance. If he came on an errand connected with shooting or fishing, he felt that the relationship between us justified him in using a side entrance to the bungalow. But when he came with *khobar* of big game, he always presented himself at the front door.

"The Blat Elephant is feeding near Kuala Sol." He paused to let me take in the news to its full extent, and then continued: "The tide will be running up this afternoon. If we start at five o'clock in the big house-boat, we shall reach Kuala Sol by eight o'clock, and can start tracking the first

thing to-morrow morning. May I give orders accordingly?"

He went away to make the necessary arrangements, and a few minutes later Sleman, another of my boatmen, came up to put my ten-bore rifle in its case. He was the youngest of my crew, and always accompanied Ahman and myself upon our shooting expeditions, his special duty being to carry the sandwich case and water bottle. An exceedingly nice youngster of about nineteen, he came from one of the northern unprotected states of the Malay Peninsula, and being new to the ways of the white men was, when he first joined my service, somewhat shy and awkward. He was very keen, however, to learn all that he could about every form of sport, and under Ahman's tuition was going through a regular course to "obtain courage." Abstinence from certain kinds of food, *ghee* in particular, seemed to be the

most important condition, but there were many charms and invocations to *jins* and legendary heroes to be learnt and there were some rather extraordinary observances to be kept. Both men looked upon the course as a very serious matter.

Punctually at five o'clock everything was ready; the house-boat pushed off from the landing-stage at the bottom of my garden, and the incoming tide bore us smoothly up the Kuantan river.

Both banks of the broad river were covered with a dense forest of mangroves, and trees with dark, glossy, fleshy leaves and quaint shaped fruit pushed one another actually into the river. A couple of miles above my house we entered a tributary of the Kuantan, the Blat, which gave its name to the elephant we were seeking.

Soon after sunset the house-boat entered the *Sot*, a tributary of the Blat. A short way up this river the mangroves were replaced by ordinary forest, and before long a bend in the river disclosed the cheerful light of a small house in an isolated clearing on the bank. We tied up at the landing stage, and in answer to our hail the owner of the house, a man named *Brahim*, came down to the boat.

He was able to give us all the information that we required. The great solitary elephant, which for years out of memory had appeared at intervals in the valley of the Blat, played no small part in his life and in that of the agricultural population of the district. On every visit it did an enormous amount of damage in the plantations and gardens, destroying cocoa-nut and plantain trees and knocking down houses, and *Brahim* and the Malays of the district looked upon it as one of the ills to which their life was subject. They regarded it as they would regard a

flood, a harvest failure, or smallpox. All of these things were alike in the respect that of none of them could the occurrence be prevented by any human power, and that forethought was therefore merely an unnecessary and unintelligent anticipation of a possible future evil. A calm acceptance of the fate that placed him within the area influenced by the elephant thus gave a curiously impersonal tone to the manner in which *Brahim* thought and spoke of it. He said that the elephant had fed the night before in an abandoned clearing about a mile further up the river, and that he expected it to invade his plantation this night or the next, but talked in a voice so unconcerned that one could hardly realize that he was speaking of the imminent depredation of what was practically the only property that he had in the world.

He told us that he had vowed to slay a goat when the elephant was killed, and mentioned the names of some of the richer Malays in the Blat district, each of whom had vowed to slaughter a buffalo upon the same auspicious occasion.

While we were thus talking, voices hailed us out of the darkness that lay upon the river. A couple of Malays passing down stream in a dug-out, recognizing the house-boat and guessing our errand, called out to let us know that they had just heard the elephant feeding on the opposite bank of the river about half a mile up stream. *Brahim* told us that the ford by which the elephant generally crossed the river was at this place, and we decided that, if we waited there in a boat, we might possibly surprise the animal at the shallows. *Ahman*, *Sleman*, and I therefore took a dug-out and started without further delay.

Before we had gone far, we heard the elephant feeding about a quarter of a mile inland from the river bank.

It is not easy to say how impressive was the sound in the stillness of the night as it came from the darkness of the forest, which stood up wall-like above the river bank. The wind was blowing from it to us, and we waited in silence beside the ford. It fed slowly towards us until only a couple of hundred yards separated us, and then stopped a long time under a tree to pull down a hanging creeper. The whole operation was marvellously distinct. We could hear the branches shake, and bend, and creak, as the animal tugged at the creeper's stem, and then the creeper's hold would give a little: its tendrils would release some part of their clutch of the leaves and twigs of the tree, and the tearing and rending of the severance was followed by the elephant's slow munching of the lower part of the creeper until it had eaten up as far as it could reach, and began again to pull down more. While this was going on, a couple of bears passed by, "woofing" to one another as they hustled through the forest in search of food. Soon afterwards the elephant stopped feeding, and moved away.

The next day was a long and uneventful one, spent in following up the elephant's tracks without success. In the evening I had the house-boat poled a mile or two up river, for that was the direction that the elephant appeared to have taken. After dinner, while I lay upon my mattress in the house-boat, I heard old Ahman telling Sleman and the other boatmen stories that deserve to be recorded. This is one way to kill a rhinoceros.

Take a piece of hard wood (*Jengapus* for choice) eight inches long and two inches thick, and sharpen the two ends to as fine a point as possible. When you come upon it, shout and boldly advance. The rhinoceros will thereupon rush at you. As is the custom of the animal, it will charge

you with its eyes shut and its mouth open. When it approaches, step aside, and taking the stick between your thumb and first finger—so—hold it out perpendicularly, and put it in the animal's open mouth. The rhinoceros will snap upon it, and the pointed ends entering the upper and lower jaws will close the mouth for ever. As it cannot eat it will starve, and all that you have to do is to follow it until it drops down dead.

Ahman was beginning another story descriptive of a method of killing elephants by a dynamite fuse on the end of a bamboo pole, when one of the boatmen, a mannerless cub from Kemaman, interrupted the tale by bluntly calling him a liar. Ahman was so hurt that he refused to speak another word. The light was soon put out, and the men pulling their cotton cloths around them, disposed themselves for the night.

We were all awake at early dawn, and when the sun was showing over the distant mountains Ahman, Sleman, and I set out again to look for fresh tracks. We took a straight line through the forest for some miles in the direction which we imagined the elephant to have taken, and then made a wide sweep round towards the place we had been in the day before. We found nothing, however, and late in the afternoon returned to the house-boat disappointed and weary.

As we appeared upon the bank, we were greeted by a shout from the other boatmen, almost in chorus.

"It fed in Braham's garden last night."

Poor Braham! There was something very pathetic in his fate. While we had been running through the forest, like questing hounds, in search of the elephant, he had sat quietly in his house to await its coming.

We unmoored the house-boat, and paddled down stream to Braham's

house. He was perfectly calm and impersonal, the fact that the damage was in the past instead of being in the future making no difference to him. He took us round his garden as the sun was setting, and, amidst the wreckage of the leaves and branches and the great pit holes where the enormous feet had sunk into the soil, showed us where some twenty fruit trees had been destroyed.

While we were discussing the probability of the elephant's return to the plantation during the night, a couple of rattan cutters passed by on their way home from their day's work, and informed us that it had in the last hour or two crossed to the other side of the river some three miles lower down. There was little chance of another visit from it, therefore, and we turned in to sleep at an early hour.

At daybreak next morning Ahman, Sleman, and I set off down stream in a small dug-out. We found the place where the elephant had crossed the river, and landed. The tracks showed that it had fed close to the river bank most of the night; then they led inland, and we followed them for some hours.

The tracks followed a well-defined animal track through the forest, and it was only necessary to keep to this path and have a watchful eye for any place at which the elephant might have left it. We hurried along, Ahman close behind me and Sleman at his heels. And a few hundred paces further on, at a place where the path made a sudden bend round the trunk of an old dead tree, I saw lying down on the path, only a few yards away, the Blat Elephant.

It was sound asleep. Elephants usually sleep standing, and it is rare to see one sleeping, as this one was, on its side with its head on the ground and with all four feet stretched out. It lay across the path with its back to me, and rattans and forest creepers so

hemmed it in that its head was hidden on one side and its hind quarters on the other by undergrowth and tangled foliage of every description. The two men stood still behind me, while I crept forward a few paces to take a steady aim. The animal was not more than fifteen yards away, but the gaunt ridge of its backbone and the nape of its neck were all that I could see. To right and left were great tangled masses of rattans, whose stems were sheathed in great thorny coverings and whose every delicate tendril carried strings of clinging hooks; and I dared not attempt to make a *détour* to get a shot at the elephant's forehead. I knew by experience how alert it was, and knew that I should not be able to move more than a few yards before it would hear me. I took a steady aim, therefore, at the last vertebra at the nape of its neck, expecting the bullet to smash its backbone and perhaps to rake into its brain. I fired and all was still.

Peering under the smoke of my tobacco, I saw the animal lying motionless. I waited a few seconds, and then looked round towards the two Malays. The week before, shooting in the Kuantan valley, I had killed a fine tusker elephant with a single bullet in the brain. This made two consecutive elephants with two consecutive bullets; and the second of them was the famous Blat Elephant. Trying to conceal my emotion, I beckoned to the men to come up, saying that the animal was dead. But "dead" had barely crossed my lips when there was a rending of the rattans, and before I could move the elephant was charging straight at me.

A second before, it had been lying on the ground with all four feet stretched out, and with, I believed, a bullet in its brain. An elephant cannot spring to his feet, and a tame animal generally takes some time to

rise. The suddenness of this charge may therefore appear exaggerated: I can only say that I was standing within a few yards of the animal, and was not aware of any interval of time between its lying silent on the ground and its charging me. I saw the green rattans tearing asunder to right and to left, away from an enormous brown head—a trunk tightly coiled up and a pair of huge gleaming tusks. It was all high up in the air, and right above me—imminent as a wave that curls before it breaks. With my second barrel I fired into the centre of the enormous brown chest, the head being so high and so close that it was covered by the tightly coiled trunk, and then with an empty rifle I turned and ran down the track up which we had come. The elephant was only a few yards behind me, and I ran for life.

Before I had gone more than fifteen or twenty yards, I tripped and fell heavily to the ground, my rifle being flung from my hand. Death seemed certain, and I could only hope that it would be painless. But, to my intense surprise, the elephant had not followed me. Looking over my shoulder, I saw it standing under the great dead tree, from underneath which I had fired both shots. I picked myself up and, not daring to wait to get my rifle, which had been thrown into a thicket by my fall, raced down the path again and hid behind the first convenient tree. From this point of comparative safety, I saw the elephant still standing under the dead tree. It was fumbling dizzily with its trunk in the heavy smoke of the black powder—fumbling to find me. The blood was pouring from the wound in its chest in great throbbing jets, and the bright green undergrowth was drenched with heavy red.

After a few seconds the great brute began to scream with rage and pain.

How it screamed! As the numbness caused by the shock of the first bullet wore off, the pain of the wound and of the second bullet in its chest drove it to frenzied madness. It trampled over the ground which was already besmeared with its blood, and, with trunk outstretched and ears thrust forward, turned in every direction to seek its assailant. My empty rifle lay between us, and I could not think of attempting to move towards it. Neither dared I move further away, for any motion on my part might attract its attention. Ahman and Sleman were both unarmed, and we all cowered behind our respective trees.

After a time—it may have been only a few minutes, but it seemed like hours—weakened by the loss of blood and convinced perhaps of the futility of its search, it moved slowly away. We came out from our hiding places, and all were very shaky. I picked up my rifle and re-loaded it, and then after a few minutes' rest to settle our nerves, we set off again after the elephant. When we had gone about a quarter of a mile, Ahman, who followed in my tracks, step for step, tapped my shoulder.

"He is going to plug up his wound," he whispered, pointing to a dwarf palm from which some leaves had been torn. A few yards further on he pointed to a place where the elephant had picked up in its trunk a small quantity of soft oozy mud. "Aih! Is he not clever? There is the poultice." This time I stopped, and asked him what he meant. He replied that the elephant would insert a plug of the palm leaves into the opening of the wound in its chest, and then cover the whole wound over with mud. It seemed almost incredible, but the time was not one for arguing about animal intelligence, and I followed the tracks again. And, sure enough, before we had gone much further the blood that

had so plenteously besmeared our path suddenly dwindled to a scanty sprinkle, and shortly afterwards to a few thin drops at intervals.

After another hour or so the tracks grew firmer, showing that the animal was staggering less, and was recovering its strength. Later we came to a fallen tree some five feet in diameter that lay across a bit of swamp, and saw that the elephant, instead of wading through the swamp, had used the tree as a bridge to walk upon. This was most disheartening, and Ahman, cursing the elephant heartily for a tight-rope dancer, urged me to hasten, saying that the animal was now in all probability going faster than we were. We therefore pushed on as fast as possible, trusting that any sound we might make would be unheard by the elephant in the noise of its own movements.

But we had soon to redouble our caution, for in one place the elephant had taken a sudden loop and turned round to watch its own tracks. This is not unusual with wounded animals whose strength and size makes them dangerous, such as rhinoceroses, *sladang* and elephants; and when any animal adopts these tactics, its pursuers are running a very great risk. They see the tracks lying before them, and naturally only look for danger in front. But what has happened is that the animal has all but completed a great letter P. It just stops short of completing the lower part of the loop of the capital letter, and sanding back a few yards from the main line of the letter watches its pursuers advance. It allows them to pass. And then without warning it charges them from behind.

On this occasion, however, luckily for us, the elephant had for some reason moved on again before we reached the spot which it had been watching.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon

the tracks turned toward the river. Our luck here deserted us. The elephant decided to recross, and made for the point at which it had crossed the river the night before. This was the spot at which we had joined the tracks in the morning, and where we had left our boat.

As the elephant stepped down into the river, in a fury at the sight of any implement of man it seized our craft and swung it out of the way, snapping the iron chain by which we had tied it to a tree and sending it adrift down the stream.

When we arrived on the scene we only found a few links of a chain on the near bank, and in the distance saw the huge foot-prints which showed where the elephant had clambered up the further side. The river was not particularly broad, but it was tidal mangrove water, and infested with crocodiles. To cross it without a boat was out of the question. We had the alternative of taking a path back through the forest, making for Ibrahim's house, which was some three miles away, or of waiting on the chance that some boat might pass. To return was to give up all hope for the day; we therefore decided to wait. But luck was against us: for nearly three long hours did we wait upon a slimy bank, grilled in the sun and devoured by mosquitoes, mocked by the glitter of undrinkable water and insulted by the footprints fast drying upon the opposite bank. At last, at about five o'clock, a boat came round the bend of the river and took us off. It was too late to follow the tracks further, and I sadly gave the order to return to the house-boat.

It was not until after dinner that I heard of the accident to which I owe my life. Both Ahman and Sleman swore positively that when I fired my second barrel at the charging elephant, an enormous rotten branch, loosened

by the concussion of the shots of my heavy rifle, fell from the tree under which I was standing. As the elephant charged down the path, the great branch fell fair upon its back. It was this that had stopped the elephant's charge, and not, as I had imagined, my second barrel. If their story is true, and I see no reason to doubt it, it was a marvellous chance that the branch, which would have killed me had I remained where I was for a moment longer, should have saved my life by falling upon the elephant.

I ordered the house-boat to be taken down to the point where the elephant had crossed and re-crossed, and we were drifting lazily with the stream and consoling ourselves for the day's want of success by an assurance of the certainty of meeting the elephant again on the morrow, when suddenly we were hailed out of the darkness by a police-boat.

"Amok—amok!"

When the boats approached one another, a corporal came on board and reported that a Malay had run amok, killing his wife and two men. The scene of the murders was on the sea coast, not far from the border between my district and an independent native state, and the murderer, who had escaped into the forest, would undoubtedly make for the border. The sergeant and a posse had already left in pursuit.

There was no police inspector in the district, and therefore no option was left me. I took the police crew on my boat, and with a double set of men we paddled hard for the river mouth. By midnight we had transhipped into the Government yawl, and a few hours

later were out at sea skirting the coastline to make for the Kemaman border.

We eventually caught our man, but it was long before I could find time to return to the Blat river. It was then of course out of the question to follow the tracks that we had left, and all that I could do was to organize parties to search in all directions for any signs that there might be of the elephant's dead body. But all in vain.

The next month I left Kuantan on transfer to another district, and shortly afterwards proceeded on a long leave to England. Soon after my arrival at home I got a letter from Ahman to say that a Malay rattan-cutter had come upon the dead body of the Blat Elephant, and had stolen the tusks and sold them to a Chinaman over the Kemaman border. I wrote to my successor about the matter, but the lapse of time made it impossible for him to do anything. And that, I am afraid, is the end of the Blat Elephant.

It is satisfactory so far as Braham and the cultivators of the Blat and Sol rivers are concerned, for they have, I hope, killed the goats and buffaloes that they vowed to slay; and, unless a new elephant has appeared to take the place of the old one, their crops are safe.

But where are the tusks that I should have to grace my story? I sigh to think of them lying in a shop-window, cut up into hair-brushes or frittered away to be the fittings of a dressing-case. For, in my dreams, I see them as I shall never see them again: gleaming in great curves, with an overpowering bulk of head and body behind them, and framed by a veil of green rattans torn asunder to right and to left.

George Maxwell.

A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

L

Mr. Stephen Allison entered the library with the pleasant expectation of being about to make himself comfortable. He had, alas, reached that age at which comfort appears more attractive than pleasure. Besides, he had been shooting all day, and, though he would never have confessed it, he was tired. There was a certain weakness about his knees, a stiffness about the small of his back, which had the same depressing effect upon him that the discovery of a gray hair would have upon a beauty at her glass. Decidedly, he told himself with a sigh, he was growing old.

The lamps had not been lit, but tea had been brought in, and his hostess was sitting on the long, low stool in front of the fire, absorbed in a book.

"I feel a heartless wretch, Mrs. Holton," said Allison plaintively, "but could you leave the heroine to her distress one moment, and give me my tea?"

"It is too sweet for anything," said Mrs. Holton abstractedly, as she tried to manipulate the tea-pot with one hand, and hold the book in the other.

"The novel, or the tea? If the latter, I won't have any, thank you. Gout is hereditary in my family."

"The novel, of course. I do know by this time that you only take one lump. Cake?"

"You go back to your story," said Mr. Allison, making himself comfortable, "and leave me to browse over the muffin-dish alone."

"It is hardly a story," said the lady with the modest pride of one found reading the book of the season. "It is the *Letters of a Wife*."

"Ah," said Mr. Allison, intent upon the muffin.

"You always say *ah*," said Mrs. Holton petulantly, "and you nearly always mean something nasty."

"Nasty? I merely meant to endorse your criticism."

"Why, I rave about it. Don't you?"

"You forget," sighed Allison. "I only take one lump."

Mrs. Holton did not reply directly. She was not fond of her guest. Conversation with him was apt to make her feel as if she were rehearsing a duologue, and had forgotten her cue. She occupied herself in preparing an expression of opinion to deliver to her husband on his conduct in leaving her to entertain his guest.

"I suppose," she said slowly, after a pause, "that you mean the book is too sentimental."

"To reduce it to a personal equation, Mrs. Holton,—do you write letters of that description to Holton when he is away?"

"He never is away," sighed Mrs. Holton, "unless he stays the night in town. Then he telegraphs for his dress-suit and I send him up a list of his things in the portmanteau. But we used to write each other letters," she added, brightening, "when we were engaged."

"Why, I thought you lived in the same street?"

"So we did; and George used to come and see me every evening. Then, after he left, I used to run upstairs and write, so that he got a letter at his office in the morning, and I got one from him, too."

"And were they—? No, no! The question is withdrawn."

"The answer to that is," said his hostess, smiling, "that you should get engaged."

Allison left his table, and came

nearer the fire. Mrs. Holton still kept her position, though it was now too dark to read. There was a little smile on her face which worried him. It could hardly have been conjured up by Holton and the dress-clothes; he felt a vicious desire to say something to drive it away.

"I don't mind confessing," he said at length, "that I have never read the book."

"Oh, for shame! Then all your abuse of it goes for nothing."

"I do not remember abusing it, but let that pass. I have no time to waste on novels."

"Of course it is a novel pure and simple—"

"I should hardly have applied those adjectives to the modern novel, myself," murmured Allison, but his hostess's patience was getting rapidly exhausted.

"All I can say is," she cried as she rose to go, "I am glad I've read it, and my advice to you is to read it—or no;—get engaged first, and read it afterwards."

And with this parting shot she left the room.

II.

A few days later Allison returned to town. He had rooms in one of the many little streets leading off Bond Street, where he kept his belongings, and occasionally entertained a friend. His acquaintances he met at his club. For occupation he had a subordinate post at a Government Office. When it was fine he walked to his work in the morning; it was one way of keeping young. When it was wet he took a hansom. It was only lately that he had been able to afford a hansom, and he still enjoyed the sensation of hailing one. He was out nearly every evening, for his circle of acquaintance was large, and he had the reputation of being a clever talker. When he was

disengaged he would go to a concert, or spend the evening at home, laboriously playing over any passage from a score which had struck his fancy. Men said he was a lucky fellow, who made abominably bad use of his money. Women said he ought to marry; Allison did not see the necessity.

The night after his return Stephen was in an evil frame of mind. The season having not yet begun, he had perforce to stay at home. Then his piano had not been tuned. Thirdly, the librarian at Mudie's had doubtless also been taking holiday, and Allison's book-list had got exchanged with that of some one else, who evidently had widely different views on literature. Allison gazed in speechless disgust at the offending pile of books, then he picked up each volume in turn between his finger and thumb, read the title, and dropped it as if it had been an obnoxious reptile.

The last book was an unpretending little production, bound in white, with fine gold lettering: *The Letters of a Wife*, by Nina Henry.

It was probably the recollection of the little scene in the library which made Allison look at this longer than the others. His lips twitched into a smile as he thought of the little woman on the hearth-rug. Why had the book so fascinated her? Well, the evening was already wasted, he would read and see.

The plot was simple. A young naval officer called away on duty leaves his three months' bride behind with his own people. The writer tries, not very successfully, to trace the gradual sapping of the girl's affection by the separation, and the countless petty worries of her life. It was obviously the author's first attempt at novel-writing, and, as I have said, not an entirely successful one. But even Allison had to acknowledge that the book had a certain charm. It lay in the self-revela-

tion of the girl in her first few letters. He read these, skimmed the rest of the book, found it, as he had expected, dull, turned back and read the first again. Her gaiety, her pride in her love, her cheerfulness, her sense of humor,—it was all delightful. He went to bed with the girl's voice ringing in his ears.

The infatuation lasted a week. During this time he dreamed of Nina Henry, talked of Nina Henry, lived for Nina Henry. Then the reaction came. The reality faced him suddenly, and stunned him as if he had run against a wall. This girl,—what was she to him? Nothing; he was not even sure that the name he knew her by was her own. And the letters were not written for him, were not even written for love, but for money.

For money! Well, he had money. The idea followed his train of thought so naturally that at first he did not perceive the extent of its suggestion. Then its simplicity overwhelmed him. He had money; and though money cannot buy love, yet it can buy love-letters, and Allison did not want more. He was perfectly willing to have his emotion without paying the penalty. He would have his love-letters, but no lover.

The way was easy. Allison wrote a letter to Miss Henry, to the care of her publishers, and offered her advantageous terms if she would write to him once a week. The money would be paid through his bankers, and would begin on receipt of the first letter. She might assign to him and to herself any character she pleased, only he stipulated that for the purposes of the correspondence she should be engaged to him.

On the Monday morning a letter in an unfamiliar hand lay on his plate. He picked it up, and broke the seal. He was a young man again, a lover with the world before him, and a

maiden waiting him, waiting in a little Devonshire vicarage cuddled under the slope of the down for Donald to make his fortune and come back to her.

"Do you know," she said, "that it is six months to-day since you went away? And six months to-day the first blossom came out on the cheery-tree. Father was so pleased that I remembered the date. He thinks I may make a naturalist yet. But I knew, because I picked it when I went to meet you at the gate in the cherry-orchard, and you—Don, dear, do you remember? If you do not, I shall break my heart, but I shall never tell you."

Mr. Allison put down the letter, and stroked his moustache. Then he finished reading it, and put it in his breast-pocket. He was an engaged man, and,—yes,—he liked the feeling; a little sheepish, perhaps, but that did not matter, as happily he did not have to run the gauntlet of his friends' congratulations. That morning, when docketing some memoranda, his face was suddenly illuminated with a brilliant smile.

"Now I wonder," he said to himself, as he tied the bundle neatly with a piece of pink tape, "what it was I did in the cherry-orchard?"

III.

The letters came regularly. Every Monday the last epistle retired from the breast-pocket in favor of the new comer. A little packet in Allison's drawer began to swell. The official habit was too strong within him to admit of his doing anything but docket his precious possessions. Be it said, however, he did not use red tape. He bought a piece of pale blue ribbon at a haberdasher's. He liked to think that she had given it to him; she always wore pale blue.

One evening in March Allison met Mrs. Holton at a dinner. He had not

seen her since she had sat on the hearth-stool and recommended him to get engaged.

"Do you know," she said, "you are looking very well?"

"I was about to say the same to you," he replied, "but a *tu quoque* compliment is always open to suspicion. I don't know why, I'm sure, for it is quite within the bounds of probability that we are both looking very well this weather."

"In the Spring a young man's fancy," quoted Mrs. Holton, looking up under her eyelashes.

"Ah; that does not apply to me, I am afraid."

"It applies to every one now-a-days. Youth is a knack which can be acquired. It is merely the habit of looking forward; only age looks back."

"And middle age is left the present," said Allison, surveying the dinner-table. "Well, I don't object to the present. By the bye, where is Holton?"

"George is at home, waging war with the plumbers. I slipped away for a day, succumbed to the fascinations of London, and stayed on."

"And reversing the usual order of things, I suppose George sends you up a portmanteau with a list of your evening clothes?"

"No, the maid does that," said Mrs. Holton literally; then she laughed. "What a memory you have! Did you ever read that book?"

"You forget you imposed another condition first."

"Then you never did. Well, it is too late; no one ever talks about it now. Poor thing!" sighed Mrs. Holton. "I heard the other day from some one who knows somebody who really knows all about her, and she leads a miserable life with a drunken brute of a husband and six children."

The lady broke off to help herself to some dish, and appeared to forget her subject. Allison did not remind

her; he turned his attention to his other neighbor, and soon afterwards the conversation became general. After dinner he pleaded another engagement, and left early, but he went straight home. When there, he wished he had not returned, the room was so dreary. He tried to play, but it was no good. He tried to read his latest letter, but the six children rose, phantom-like, between his eyes and the page. Six children! It was monstrous, impossible; and a drunken husband. One should only believe half one hears. If you granted the husband, the probability was against his drinking. Well, in any case the correspondence must cease. He wrote at once.

Madam,—It was agreed that your engagement should close at a month's notice. I therefore beg that your letters may be discontinued after April 1st.

Yours faithfully,

Allison read the letter through. It seemed rather a brutal termination to an idyll. He ought to mention what a pleasure her letters had been to him. He set out to mention it, and the result was an ardent love-letter. Allison was appalled when he read it over. How simple these things sound when spoken; and how remarkably compromising they look on paper. Yes, it would be easier done by word of mouth. He wrote a short note, asking Miss Henry for an interview.

By return of post came Miss Henry's reply. She regretted that she was unable to see him, and also that she would no longer be able to continue her weekly letters. The object of the interview being accomplished, Allison should have been satisfied, but he was not. He wrote again, entreating her to see him. Something of his emotion may have found its way into his last letter, for a little agitation was visible in the lady's reply.

"Do not ask to see me," she wrote. "Indeed I am very different from what you think me; it would be better for us not to meet."

Different! Allison walked down Whitehall that morning in a dream. Was it as Mrs. Holton had said, that she was unhappy? It might be; or was it that she felt herself plain, elderly, and dull, and feared to disillusion him? But dull she could not be. An elderly woman would surely have been amused rather than agitated by the transaction; and what if she were plain? "If she had sandy hair and a squint," cried Mr. Allison to himself, as he stopped short in the middle of a crowded crossing, "I should love her. Love her!" he repeated aloud, gazing into the face of a straining cab-horse, whom its driver was vainly trying to back. But the cab-horse had no interest in the matter, and knocked him down.

IV.

Allison lingered some weeks. His injuries were internal, and from the first the doctor gave no hope. His acquaintances were sympathetic, and sent him daily offerings of fruit and flowers. A few of the braver type came in to see him, and brought him comic papers. An elderly maiden aunt arrived, took possession of the case, and quarrelled with the professional nurse. The nurse complained to the doctor. "Try and bear with it," advised the latter; "it is not for so very long," and he went in to see the patient.

"How long?" enquired the patient from the bed.

"My dear sir, we'll have you up and about before the summer's out."

"If you want to tell lies in here, doctor, you should be careful to have the door shut before you speak the truth outside it. Come, how long?" And the doctor told the truth.

When he had gone, Allison asked for a pencil, and spent the evening scrawling some words on a piece of paper. The nurse addressed it for him rather haughtily. She did not think much of writing-women.

"One more day," said the doctor, and then again "one more."

Still Allison lingered on. "It's my belief," said the nurse, "that the man is waiting for something." One picks up many little superstitions in the hospital wards. The doctor shrugged his shoulders, but he did not contradict her.

That afternoon the nurse on duty came to Allison as he woke from a morphia sleep. "There is a gentleman in the next room," she said, "who says that you have asked to see him. His name is Eldry"—Allison shook his head—"but he told me to tell you his name was Henry. Now, Mr. Allison, you cannot see any one if it excites you like that."

"Show him in," gasped Allison. Oh, queen of prudes, to send her husband at the last!

The new comer did not look a drunkard, and so far Mrs. Holton's story seemed to be at fault. He was a tall, thin man in a shabby coat, with a refined, soft-bearded face, the face of a dreamer, not that of a successful man. He advanced to the end of the bed, and stopped, gazing in nervous distress at the figure in it.

Allison was the first to break the silence. "Well," he said bitterly, "am I so dangerous? You might have let her come."

Eldry wrung his hands together nervously. "It was a mistake," he said, "a bitter mistake. I felt it from the first when I began—"

"You? You began?"

"I wrote the letters. Yes, I am Nina Henry."

He did not look up as he spoke. When he raised his eyes the face on the pillow was as impassive as ever.

"Ah," said Allison after a little pause, "ah. Pray don't let me detain you. I believe my banker has settled your account. Good-after-noon."

Eldry shambled to the door, then turned, and by a sudden impulse came up to the side of the dying man. "I should like to tell you," he began hurriedly, "what a pleasure it has been to me. Don't think I did it for the money—it was not that. I liked to do it. I believe I live in dreams. My profession is a sordid one; I get little pleasure from it, and I have many cares at home, though my wife is a good woman." He broke off with a half laugh. "I declare that I live in such a haze that when she goes from home I find myself expecting her to write those letters to me."

Allison turned slightly on his pillow and looked with a faint interest at the speaker. "Ah," he said slowly; "and does she?"

"No."

The dim eyes lit up with a faint amusement, the compressed lips twitched into one of his rare smiles. "Ah," he said, and then after a pause added, "Stay."

Macmillan's Magazine.

V.

"Very sad case," said the doctor, "very sad! Cut off in the prime of life! May I ask if you are any relation?"

"No, no connection," said Eldry mechanically.

"Old friends only?" said the doctor.

He spoke for the sake of making conversation, but Eldry misunderstood him and thought that his position was being questioned. "I fear I am hardly even that," he said nervously, as he prepared to take his departure. "The fact is," he added in one of those embarrassing bursts of confidence indulged in by nervous people, "there was but one tie between us; we both loved the same woman."

"My dear sir, I quite understand," said the doctor impressively; "good-evening."

A few minutes later, as Eldry crossed the street and stopped to look up at a darkened window, he wondered to himself with a little smile, how much the doctor understood. But after all, it came very near the truth, though perhaps Mrs. Eldry would not have liked one to say so.

A NEGRO ON EFFICIENCY.

Efficiency is a word of the moment. Enveloped in a halo of vague political sanctity, it exhales a mystic virtue—undefined, undefinable. Its devotees fall back on the figure of Circumlocution; it is Something Lord Rosebery preaches—and the War Office has not practised. It is Something lacked by the Englishman of to-day—enjoyed by his rivals; and should therefore be provided, in bulk, by a vote of the

House of Commons. To the Black Race, meanwhile, no one ascribes the attribute; and it is thus remarkable that one of the most efficient among living Americans is a man of color. On his writings we found the following essay.

Born a slave about 1858, "near a cross-roads post office," Mr. Booker Washington would seem to be a mulatto. On this he lays no stress.

He welcomes that complete identification with the colored race imposed by American custom upon all "touched with the tar brush"; and claims to derive from his mother, a negress, whatever energies he possesses. The fact, however, that he is not a pure black cannot be ignored by any one interested in the problem of potential negro capacity.

A slave during his first six years, he testifies to the patriarchal relations often prevalent on the plantations, and admits that Abolition found the slave on a higher plane than the savage. Yet he denounces the system in the interests not only of morality, but of efficiency. "The whole machinery of slavery," he says, "... cause[d] labor . . . to be looked on as a badge of degradation." Indifferent to the interests of the estate, the slaves were too ignorant for any but the rudest methods; and even in the wealthiest houses reigned a coarse and slovenly plenty.

Once free, he worked in furnaces and mines, and somehow learned to read; for in common with his race, he was fired with a passion for instruction. This zeal, of course, was not always "according to knowledge." Freedom from manual toil seemed to most the end to be desired; and book-learning a royal road towards that blissful consummation. The boy could not escape the contagion of these opinions. He longed, however, to improve the lot of his mother; and vaguely questioned the theory which completely identified education with progress in the use of language.

A simple experience left on him its mark for life. The wife of the mine-owner—a New Englander, wealthy and cultivated—had "a high respect for manual labor . . . well done, and . . . was not ashamed to use her hands." To the colored boys she seemed a stern mistress; but Booker so hated

the coal-mine that he braved her terrors. A kindly reception reassured him; her requirements, if rigid, were simple. Truthfulness and promptitude—cleanliness, order, and method—in a word, thoroughness, proved essential. "Excuses and explanations," she warned him, "could never . . . take . . . the place of results."

Charming is his account of the struggles which, under her watchful superintendence, transformed the neglected garden into a paradise of order; and of the sudden realization—that he had created this. "My whole nature began to change. I felt a self-respect . . . a satisfaction" hitherto unknown. Never again could physical toil appear a degradation; never again could he fear the lady he still revered as "one of" his "greatest teachers."

He now planned to pursue his education at the Hampton Normal [Training] and Agricultural Institute in Virginia, where the course was partly industrial. Encouraged by his mistress, and supplied with a scanty purse by sympathetic negro neighbors, he started at the age of fourteen. Now walking, then begging or earning a lift, at times sleeping under platforms, he completed the 500 miles, and reached Hampton with about 2s. in his pocket. His unkempt appearance might have disqualified him had not the headmistress desired him to *sweep out the room*; which done, she quietly observed, "I guess you'll do." He earned his board by acting as porter; a generous Northerner paid his fees; in the vacation (*more Americano*) he served in a shop.

Of his literary studies he says little; but lays stress on his initiation into the "value of the Bible," in its spiritual and literary aspects. He had also lessons in elocution. Longing "to do something to make the world better," he coveted the power of "speak[ing] about that thing;" and obtained from

a teacher private instruction in breathing, articulation, and emphasis.

The industries practised at Hampton were of a simple description. The pupils helped in the house, cultivated the farm, kept tools and buildings in repair. Meanwhile the whole life was a revelation to the ex-slave, who had never slept in sheets, and to whom household regularity and "the use [and moral value] of the 'bath-tub'" were new and surprising experiences.

All other influences he, however, subordinates to that of the Principal—"a type," as he tells us, "of that Christ-like body of Northern men and women who went into the negro schools at the close of the war."—"Daily . . . contact with General Armstrong . . . alone," he declares, "would have been a liberal education." From General Armstrong he imbibed the strong and practical religious energy which inspired his subsequent labors; and learned, as he touchingly explains, that those are happiest who do most for others.

Leaving Hampton at the age of eighteen, he went as waiter to an hotel. Ignorant of the art, he was degraded to the rank of dish-washer, but determining to recover his position, was soon reinstated. Which thing we fancy is a parable.

After an interlude of teaching he resumed his studies at a negro institute in Washington. The pupils dressed fashionably, and boasted of mental attainments. In character, however, they compared to him unfavorably with the Hampton product. If they knew more Latin and Greek, they knew "less about life and its conditions as they would meet it at their homes." Penniless girls taken from the poorest classes were thrown on the world with expensive tastes and accomplishments not in demand; with results which may be guessed. Again,

a system which supplied from charitable sources board and lodging in semi-luxurious surroundings seemed to him a mistake. At Hampton each student was responsible for his modest expenses, the effort to supply which proved of high value as a means of character building. Men so trained were the readier to seek "the country districts of the South, where there was little of comfort," and there "take up work for our people."

His talents suggested a political career, which he declined in favor of "other service . . . of more permanent value" to his race. At the age of twenty he returned to Hampton, and was employed to found a subsidiary night-school for impecunious but aspiring blacks. These worked *ten* hours a day in the school sawmills and laundries; and gave two hours per evening to book-work, their surplus earnings accumulating for subsequent day-school expenses. "I never," says Mr. Washington, "taught pupils who gave me such genuine satisfaction." In May, 1881, however, General Armstrong selected him to organize a proposed training college for negroes at Tuskegee, Alabama, and he thus, at the age of twenty-two, entered on his life work. To an apparently modest sphere he brought lofty aspirations, an experience already extensive, a trained intelligence with some technical skill, and almost inexhaustible energy.

His aim was to make his humble school a substantial contributor to the welfare of the colored race. Some have reproached him with the fact that the ideals he has set before it are simply the white man's ideals. Mr. Washington, we admit, has not evolved a civilization. But races whose native organization has been rudely obliterated cannot possibly develop on the line of their original traditions; and the American negro, if he is to retain American citizenship, must

adopt American standards. The actual situation he gauged with shrewd discrimination. Penniless and illiterate when emancipated, the race, in fifteen years, had made considerable progress in wealth and education; while Congressmen and even Governors had risen from its ranks. But the general outlook was far from satisfactory, for all parties concerned had tried "to begin at the top." Potential capacity apart, the negroes, when freed, were generally without training, moral, mental, or technical. A few, educated as artisans, constituted the efficient element. The remainder had never even worked; they had only been worked. They had never thought; others had thought for them. Under stringent discipline, self-control had been unknown. And it was these untutored barbarians whom the North had tried to force into electoral and official equality. The results were disastrous. Statesmen who could not read, and whose morals were as weak as their education, provoked the cruel reaction embodied in the "Ku Klux Klan"; while political agitation distracted the rank and file "from more fundamental matters." Elsewhere he saw the same premature ambition. Scorning the humbler avocations, incompetent men and women crowded into the professions. Mr. Washington, with genial humor, describes the prevalent feeling: "O Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, and de sun am so hot dat I b'lieve dis' darkie *am called to preach*." In the cities a large class—ostentatious and idle—depended on Government action "for every conceivable thing;" and he yearned to replace it on the soil, "where all . . . races that have . . . succeeded have got their first start." And in the background loomed the Black Republic; dowered with magnificent resources, replete with starving "intellectuals," and stag-

nant as respects its trade, agriculture and manufactures; where the penniless lawyer, his moral frame unbraced by strenuous exertion, employs his enforced leisure in political intrigue.

In Alabama, meanwhile, with eighty per cent of agriculturists, the outlook was little better. Everything seemed sacrificed to cotton-growing without, and senseless extravagance within. Antiquated methods and unsound finance intensified the inherent evils of a one-crop system; while cabins almost bare of the commonest utensils displayed costly clocks and harmoniums which the family could not use. Amid such surroundings he found "educated" men and women: persons, that is, who had committed to memory certain rules of arithmetic and grammar, valued in inverse ratio to their bearing on the facts around them. "Art and elegant accomplishments" failed to refine. Adepts in "compound interest" never asked why their father lost money on every bale of cotton. Girls who could read the map could not lay a table. No room was bright with the beautiful flowers which abound; and among people destined to a country life he found text-books solely concerned with the phenomena of cities. Unselfish educational labor had, in fact, been wasted in preparing people for any circumstances but their own. He himself resolved to civilize rather than to "cram," and to turn the mental energies of his disciples towards a reform of their actual surroundings. Especially he dreaded "educat[ing] them out of sympathy with agricultural life, so that they would be attracted . . . to the cities." By transforming the agricultural, no less than the moral, intellectual, and religious ideals of his people; by proving the reconcilability of the yeoman's career with the mental interests and the reasonable aspirations of man,

even ambitious youths might be kept, he felt, on the land.

But his heart almost sank on comparing his aims with his means. He had neither buildings nor plant; and the State grant, about £800 a year, had been strictly appropriated to salaries.

From a dilapidated shanty in the town, he removed the school to a dilapidated shanty in the country. Here he proposed to cultivate land; and thus minimize household expenses, while vindicating the dignity of physical toil, and the value of modern methods. This his pupils resented. To a dislike of manual labor they added a belief ("by no means," hints Mr. Washington, "confined to my race") that books alone are the orthodox vehicle of instruction. Some aspired to a professional, many to a city career; all supposed that their country breeding had exhausted the mysteries of farming. Mr. Washington, however, "took off his own coat" in earnest; nor could a poor soil, scanty apparatus, and slovenly workers daunt his ready courage. Agriculture, he contended, is the art which makes poor soil rich; implements slowly accumulated; and Mr. Washington, with genial decision, kept the entire school waiting till careless students had returned their spades under cover. To the girls he explained that a dish is either well washed, or it is not; and that any one who takes pay for work ill done receives money on false pretences. Such practical examples he found more potent than reams of abstract morality.

His system was the Hampton method, emphasized on its industrial side. The night-school specially appealed to him; as trying, more especially, the "grit" of students, with corresponding benefit to their characters. The night students, he maintains, "take up their studies with a degree of enthusiasm . . . that is not equalled in the day classes;" and there is, he

declares, "something in the [constant] handling of a tool that has a . . . relation to close, accurate thinking."

And what are the results? After twenty years' work the school owns 2,300 acres, of which 700 are under cultivation on the most modern principles; and the extensive experiments carried on are keenly appreciated by the neighbors of both races. Thirty-six buildings, duly fitted with elaborate plant, which have been built, designed, and equipped by the staff and the students, attest the efficiency of the technical instruction. The students number 1,100, and include recruits from Africa, Cuba, Porto Rico, Jamaica, &c. About 6,000 have benefited, and of these one half are regarded as specially successful. Large yeomen farmers, thriving merchants, ministers, teachers, physicians, nurses, besides artisans, and those engaged in domestic avocations, are numbered in the list. "After diligent investigation," Mr. Washington has not found a dozen old pupils idle—or as many in prison. Moreover, "[these] men and women . . . by their own example, or by direct effort"—often, be it noted, at the cost of much self-denial—"are showing the masses of our race how to improve their material, educational . . . moral, and religious" status; exhibiting, meanwhile, "a degree of common sense and self-control which is causing better relations . . . between the races. . . . Whole communities are fast being revolutionized through the instrumentality of these men and women." Sixteen industrial schools of some size inherit the Tuskegee tradition, while a civilizing influence is exerted over natives in British, German, and Belgian Africa, through Tuskegee men despatched, by request, to diffuse improved methods of cotton cultivation.

Once a year, moreover, a Negro Farmers' Conference is held at Tuske-

gee, not to mention educational and business congresses. Political agitation is barred; for Mr. Washington argues that the negro's admission to his full political rights will automatically follow his ascent in the scale of civilization. Whining or complaint is equally deprecated; the discussion is confined to matters "which the race ha[s] under its . . . control."

The practice of thrift, honesty, and self-discipline; the adoption of improved methods, financial and agricultural; the advancement of education, and the introduction of agriculture and household economy into the curriculum of the country school, are urged upon all present. The farmer is reminded that frugality, energy, and intelligence can raise him to the status of a proprietor; the tenant is encouraged to a higher standard of demand in respect of household accommodation, and all are adjured to further, in every possible way, amicable relations between the races. A widespread propaganda, meanwhile, is carried on among the women of the race, and Tuskegee controls an elementary school on the lines dear to Mr. Washington. Moreover, Mr. Washington has so inoculated his subordinates with his own principles that he can extend his influence by prolonged lecturing tours, through which money is obtained for the many needs of the establishment, and the negro population, in all parts of the States, is successfully stimulated to fresh efforts after a higher efficiency. For Mr. Washington is not merely, as we might expect, an efficient speaker; he is also a consummate orator, whose power over audiences of either race has been compared by an American publicist to the influence of Gladstone. In method, however, they must differ entirely; since even the most impassioned admirers of the "old man eloquent" would hardly define him as giving "an idea for every word."

Master, moreover, of a written style, which, if hardly polished, is at least easy and forcible, he appeals to both races through the medium of the Press; witness his autobiography; his account of Tuskegee¹; his "open letter" on lynching, addressed to the State Legislature; and those frank strictures on the morality of negro preachers, which, after bringing upon him a storm of obloquy, initiated a much-needed reform.

But what bearing, it may be urged, have these achievements on the general problem of efficiency, under conditions widely different from those which confront the negro? Mr. Washington, we admit, can claim the status, neither of an absolute originator, nor a very profound thinker. His system is but a development of the germ planted at Hampton; nor can he elicit and express, in the form of pure theory, the principles by which he is guided. It is as a living exponent of efficiency, a living generator of efficiency on a large scale, that his characteristics and his methods demand our careful analysis.

We are struck, in the first place, by the statesmanlike character of his genius. To the appreciative judgment which grasps and weighs the suggestions of more original minds, he joins the organizing talent which can embody them on a large scale; the personality and the oratorical powers which can excite, the robust common-sense which can guide, the genial good humor which can retain the enthusiasm of his susceptible race. In breadth and balance of mind he may be said to embody Bagehot's "Animated Moderation." Rarely do we meet with so perfect a blend of the enthusiast and the man of affairs; the unbiassed student of facts who is blind to no evils, and the devoted optimist whom no evils can daunt. The professed reformer is often something of a fanatic,

¹ On which two works this article is founded.

and a narrow fanatic to boot; but Mr. Washington, despite his fervor for reform, sees life "steadily," and as "a whole." For the faddist, the "crank," he has only good-natured tolerance; and he pathetically regrets that so many excellent hearts are indifferently provided with heads. He does not exalt one virtue at the expense of all the rest; discipline and self-development are to him complementary terms. There is about him nothing of the irritating "Progressiveness," which never thinks it advances unless it knocks somebody down; of the social sectarianism which is only satisfied that it is helping one class, if it is proved to be injuring another. If his sympathies begin with his own race, they certainly do not end there; and the great Republic itself holds no more ardent patriot. Definitely devoted to the service of the humblest classes, he regards with sympathetic interest the energy of the millionaire. Primarily engaged in the work of industrial education—mainly concerned to rehabilitate physical toil—he transcends the sophistry of the modern cant, which confines to handicraft alone the honorable style of "Labor"; and which, identifying the manual laborer with the "Poor" of the evangelical dispensation, and the "People" of political science, places the wage-earning classes on a pedestal of imputed sanctity, and bows to the "Right Divine" of this newly acknowledged despot. Frankly he recognizes the need for that distinction of function which we call distinction of class. As frankly he recognizes the value to the community of those "classes" to whom some would invidiously restrict the name—the classes whose special duty it is to keep alive the intellectual interests, to preserve the chivalrous virtues, to foster the amenities of life. This breadth of view of course makes for efficiency. For if pride of caste and a party system may have some-

times conduced to efficiency, class prejudice and party passion are its sworn foes. Efficiency which can be credited to the other side is abhorred of your true partisan.

As significant is his superiority to the temptation of mere applause. Like every healthy-minded man, he values the suffrage of the expert; like every orator he appreciates the manifestations of his ascendancy over his audience; and he betrays, with quaint simplicity, a frank gratification. But to him applause is a mere symbol, only of worth in so far as it witnesses to work well done; and he has shown more than once his power of facing unmoved the passionate resentment of the race he loves well enough to chide it. Herein lies much of his efficiency. For most men do not really desire to be efficient; they only desire to be lauded. They do not wish to see others efficient; for such efficiency may throw them in the shade. Even on the stage, as a great actress once said, the play would go better if the players cared less for the clapping.

Perhaps, indeed, his main qualification for the leadership of his childlike and imitative brethren is his hatred of mere pretension. While urging upon his race a higher standard of living—while forwarding, in every way, real mental development—while inculcating on every rank the essentials of true refinement—he reprobates with unvarying severity all surface superiority, superficial learning, expenses inappropriate to a man's purse or education.

And his indifference to popularity, his detestation of shams, a width of sympathy which can derive pleasure and profit from intercourse with every rank, lift him above another snare—the craze for "social" recognition, the ambition that yearns after circles which afford no spontaneous welcome. Essentially self-respecting, too large

for the shibboleths of a "set," no one is more patient of the "social" disabilities which hedge the American negro. You cannot, he realizes, compel a man to admit you to his house, or his amusements. The average black, he maintains, moreover, is not as yet, in true civilization, the equal of the average white; and the acknowledgment of equality must be won, and cannot be forced. In the crucial passage of his great Atlanta address he urged that the races may remain separate "as the fingers" in all things purely social, yet one "as the hand" in all that conduces to efficiency. To him such severance seems a purely temporary expedient. In this he probably errs; for a traditional line of "social" demarcation exists in most countries where the racial divisions are clear. But such natural grouping on the lines of obvious affinity need retain no offensive character; and Mr. Washington has himself obtained unsought admission to circles which no negro had previously entered. Meanwhile his attitude of dignified commonsense, if generally adopted, would release for the purposes of efficiency much valuable energy now absorbed in the "social" struggle.

And, lastly, Mr. Washington knows nothing of that lust for luxury which unnerves so many men. The ex-slave, who has known the extremes of squalor, urges, indeed, on his brethren the value of civilized surroundings; the worth of all adjuncts which can subserve a man's efficiency. But these, he maintains, are a matter of method rather than of money. Sternly he condemns all enervating delights; imperatively he preaches the gospel of hardihood; the necessity, the bracing virtue of the struggle against adverse conditions. His pupils must be ready to brave, at the call of their chief, not only moral discouragement, but actual physical privation; from the poor pio-

neer teacher of the rude plantation school he exacts the patient fortitude of a soldier on campaign.

Practical, indeed, as are Mr. Washington's methods, they rest on something, which, for want of a better name, we shall call by the vague term, spiritual. To him efficiency, in fact, is dynamic, not mechanical; the resultant of a living force emanating from a centre or centres, not something which can be spread, like putty, by an administrative trowel. To him the pre-condition of efficiency, which its apostles must first of all stimulate, is the desire for efficiency in ourselves and others. The pre-conditions of educational efficiency are to him not money (he started with little), plant and buildings (he started with none), compulsion (which he would certainly deprecate), certificates, codes, time-tables, or Government inspectors, but a widespread desire to learn and longing to teach. He thinks, in fact, men should hunger before they are fed; that things are more prized which are bought with some effort; and that an accumulation of human desire is the most potent of all forces for advance.

Further, he believes that an "efficient" education should adapt a man for the life he is likely to lead. From the lips of the ex-slave this language cannot provoke the retort dear to the "Progressive" educationist; that the speaker desires for his own class, hewers of wood and drawers of water. For Mr. Washington does not dispute—rather, he strongly urges—that exceptional gifts, or a sharply defined bent should, in every rank, decide a man's career. But the majority of men have no outstanding talents. All men, meanwhile, are born into a certain rank, and so far as home influence is concerned, are educated in and for it. Again, the rank of handicraftsmen is, and must remain, numerically the largest. The enormous majority of the

negroes at present belong, by birth and breeding, to this particular class; and he therefore considers it specially desirable to urge upon the negro population the training which makes craftsmen efficient. The industries **professed** at Tuskegee are all taught practically, and as far as possible in the service of the school. For women the main departments are laundry work, dress-making, millinery, sick-nursing, household duties, the care of children, and light outdoor work, which he thinks, in the climate of the Southern States, specially suitable for women; "better from both a physical and a moral point of view than long days spent in the close atmosphere of a factory or a store," not to mention the greater scope given to the initiative powers. Nor does Mr. Washington by any means regret the circumstances which should for the present so largely confine the attention of his race to technical occupations. To him every avocation seems a possible vehicle for a sound, thorough education; and "working with the hands" a factor specially potent.

Mr. Washington is not great at analysis; and when he eulogizes "working with the hands" as a method of education, he is really eulogizing several distinct things. First, he is emphasizing the mental and moral effect of that healthy physical development, that complete control over the nerves and muscular system, which the English public school boy gains in the playing fields; but the importance of which, to a predominantly city-bound population, we are only just beginning to realize. Secondly, he is indicating the importance, especially to half-developed individuals, classes, and races, of the *appeal through the senses*. To the child, the savage, the uncultivated—in a lesser degree to all but a few thinkers, an experiment, i.e., a *theory embodied in an instance*, is worth reams of pure theory. Here he is at one with the

disciples of the "new" or Froebelian school; though he differs from them in exacting, even from the youngest, that conscious personal effort which "Kindergarten" reserves for the teacher. Thirdly, he lays stress on *action* as a vehicle of training. Much classroom work calls into exercise two faculties alone: memory and the power of concentration. But construction of any kind—like the sharing in, and still better, the leadership of concerted games—brings into play a mass of faculties much more extensive. Fourthly, he insists that effort of which the results appeal to the senses, creates its own test; and appeals to an ordeal more obvious and more searching than anything the classroom affords. The furrow which is not straight, the chair which will not stand, the experiment which does not "come off," the ball which is a "bye," the heavy pudding, and the ill-cut gown speak, even to the youngest and silliest, their own condemnation.

But if Mr. Washington would train *through* the senses, the *object* of his training is not hand and eye merely, but an Intelligence and a Will. He has no sympathy with that very common heresy, consecrated in the foreign substantive "*intellectual*," which confines the sphere of intellect to narrowly selected fields. The lawyer, the parson, the doctor, the schoolmaster, the author, the scientist, belong, men maintain, to the "intellectual classes." It is not so long since "the fool of the family" seemed "fit food for powder;" and the farmer, the tradesman, the mechanic, are still too often assigned to the guiding of a vague "commonsense." Few will acknowledge that this "commonsense" is only a sometimes inarticulate intelligence applied to individual problems. The head of a great business house, in fact, needs a more trained intellect than the third-rate essayist who clothes ready-made ideas

in an equally ready-made style; the successful management of a family requires more brains than the manufacture of sixth-rate novels. But at present men are too often deflected by the glamors of a supposed superiority to overstocked professions; while intelligent men, forced into commerce or agriculture by the pressure of circumstances, are tempted to despise their calling as merely mechanical. So the theorist looks down on "applied science," and the "practical man" ignores the value of knowledge. In Mr. Washington's curriculum, meanwhile, learning and practice go ever hand in hand, and each man or woman studies that branch of applied scientific method which bears on the chosen calling. Botany, zoology, geology, appeal to the farmer; mathematics to the surveyor; the machinist must study electricity, and the builder mechanics.

Yet Mr. Washington sees that a purely specific training must narrow the whole man; that his interests should extend beyond his own vocation. True education, he declares, must stimulate the spiritual nature, and bring the student into abiding contact with "the intellectual achievements of mankind in art and literature."

Accordingly his religious basis is made very prominent. If the college is "undenominational," *i.e.*, unconnected with any existing ecclesiastical body, yet as all concerned seem to belong to the so-called "evangelical" school, the "religious difficulty" is non-existent. The institution has its chaplain; attendance at daily prayers and Sunday services is obligatory; there are many religious societies among the members, and the theological class trains ministers and lay preachers. But as Faith and Love of a sort come easily to the emotional negro, Mr. Washington finds it necessary to insist that they should display themselves in

Works; more especially in the practice of the Puritan virtues.

So much for "Divinity." Nor are "the Humanities" neglected. Languages, foreign or classical, are indeed excluded. But the teaching of *English* proceeds on lines which tally in rather surprising fashion with the reforms advocated by the ablest teachers of language, such as the late M. Gouin. "The aim . . . in the preparatory classes is to bring about familiarity with the mother tongue, and correctness and ease in its use. From contact with good models of spoken or written discourse, the pupil learns to appreciate and interpret thought well expressed . . . to feel the correctness or incorrectness of an expression, without slavish reliance upon rules. . . . Language [in fact] is taught as an art; the necessary rules and definitions, when they occur [being] treated as working principles. . . . Oral exercises . . . predominate. The pupil . . . is taught to exercise care for unity, logical sequence of ideas, and smoothness of transition." The higher classes proceed to written composition, with the science of grammar, and are introduced to the masterpieces of English literature in their historical setting.

The history course starts with biography, as most interesting to the young. It is devoted to English and American history; "the peculiar position of the negro . . . [being] given due importance, not by isolating it, but by introducing it in its proper place." Geography is woven into history and nature-study, *and the students begin by studying their own geographical surroundings.* There is also instruction in the theory and practice of teaching.

Here concludes this account of Mr. Washington's aims and methods. The moral is left to others; yet a few principles emerge. For after all, under every difference of time and place, the pre-conditions of efficiency are one and

indivisible. A high aim; an accurate study of the *conditions* within which the aim is to be realized, and of the *means* available for its realization; an intelligent *policy* fusing these three into one; and unabating *energy* are, in every department, the elements of efficient action. Organization is, after all, but the channel through which a spirit can be diffused; and that organization is most perfect which the spirit moulds to its needs. Theory and practice, logic and experiment, gain by an intimate association; and the rank and file of any class or race are best influenced (as distinct from commanded) by those who know it from within. And in the sphere of Education, which Mr. Washington makes specially his own, it is universally true that the highest of all training requires but two essentials: the teacher and the taught. A single teacher of genius, influencing, through his disciples, the ideals of the teaching profession, is more potent than twenty Education Acts. The training of teachers, the discipline of teachers, the enfranchisement of teachers, are the true educational problem. An education bureaucratically conducted from above by bodies mainly anxious for statistical results, is threatened with actual strangulation. The central authority, no doubt, is responsible for the hands to which it entrusts power; it must eliminate the obviously incompetent and the deliberately rebellious. But he who is fit to perform duties is fit to exercise discretion. Public bodies should encourage, not crush, originality; leave the *distribution* of grants more in local hands; give even the elementary school teacher, the elementary school manager, some field for modest experiment; and not

be too hard upon failure when success has been intelligently sought. For failure, on a small scale, is a very instructive phenomenon; and the spirit which can risk and transcend failure the most valuable asset of our race. The greatness of the stock which we agree to call Anglo-Saxon consists, not in any power of evolving perfect organizations, but in an intense and prolific energy, evolved by effort, fostered by freedom, and controlled by responsibility. Our inefficiency—where we are inefficient—springs, not from an excess of effort, of freedom and of responsibility, but from their antipodes: the sloth and pride which shirk effort and ignore responsibility; the rigid supervision of detail which paralyzes personal initiative. The English race does not come to its best under a paternal bureaucracy or a system of forced labor: a fact which does not seem to strike the advocates of conscription.

Finally, Mr. Washington's career offers two encouraging omens. He has proved that practical training for a special and modest function is compatible with an admirable preparation, mental, moral, and physical, not only for the always possible "rise in life," but also for the wider and more generic duties of the citizen and the man. And he has shown what racial efficiency can result, in a couple of decades, from the seed sown by an individual. Mr. Washington himself wields the rare influence of genius. But what difference may it not make to the future of the American negro—and through him to the future of the Great Republic—that a good housewife, thirty years ago, taught a little negro lad—the meaning of Efficiency!

H. C. Forecroft.

A "STUDENT OF FELICITY"

Thanks to the industry of Mr. Bertram Dobell, the world is the richer today by a new poet. We can add the name of Thomas Traherne to those of Herbert and Vaughan in that small band of seventeenth-century Anglicans who produced a mystical religious poetry which is still the finest body of sacred verse in our language. Not since Campion was unearthed from Elizabethan song-books and given his place as one of the truest of our lyric poets, has there been a discovery of such importance to lovers of good literature. The manner in which it was made is so strange that it deserves retelling. About ten years ago two volumes of manuscript verses were picked up on a street bookstall for a few pence by a man who happened to be an expert in hymnology. The purchaser thought that the poetry bore a strong resemblance to the work of Henry Vaughan, and sold the manuscript to Dr. Grosart, who was so convinced that Vaughan was the writer that he set about preparing an edition of the *Silurist* which should include the new discovery. He died before he completed it, and the papers came into the possession of Mr. Dobell, who also bought at the sale of Dr. Grosart's library a third manuscript volume, which Dr. Grosart apparently had not noticed, but which was undoubtedly in the handwriting of the other two. Mr. Dobell was convinced that Vaughan was not the author, but was at a loss to attribute the work to any known poet. However, he found in a volume of seventeenth-century poems one called "The Way of Wisdom," which bore a strong likeness to the verses in the manuscript. This poem was traced to a rare little book in the British Museum called "Devout and Sublime

Thanksgivings," which was an anonymous and posthumous publication. But the editor in his preface referred to the author as the private chaplain of the Lord Keeper, Sir Orlando Bridgman, and the *Athenæ Oxonienses* revealed the name of this chaplain as one Thomas Traherne, the author of two works, "Roman Forgeries" and "Christian Ethicks." It remained to examine these volumes, and the final proof was found in the "Christian Ethicks," which contained one of the poems in the manuscript volumes. Further investigation proved Traherne to have been born about the year 1636, the son of a shoemaker of Hereford, and to have been a commoner of Brasenose College, a foundation which half-a-century earlier had numbered among its members another West-country poet, Richard Barnfield, the author of "As it fell upon a day." He became in time rector of Credenhill, in his native county, until Sir Orlando Bridgman made him his chaplain, and in the Lord Keeper's house he spent the remainder of his short life. We may take it from his writings that it was a singularly happy one. "All things are plentifully provided for me without any care at all, my very study of Felicity making me more to prosper than all the care in the whole world." He and his slender works to all appearances went down into the dust of forgetfulness, until by one of the strangest chances in the history of bibliophily this humble "student of Felicity" has become familiar again to those who love good men and good poetry.

His collected poems, a second edition of which has just been published (London; Bertram Dobell, 3s. 6d.), give him the right to stand very near Herbert and Vaughan in the hierarchy of lit-

erature. He is a mystic,—one who sees the world as the "garment of God," who hears melodies that other ears are deaf to, who reads in the phenomena of Nature the message of the Eternal. To him nothing is common or unclean. He walks through life on the tip-toe of expectancy, listening always for the angelic voices. Christianity, Platonism, and the speculations of the old occultists are all blended into one creed, of which the keynotes are wonder and delight. He is a Berkeleyan, as Mr. Dobell points out, before Berkeley:—

I could not tell
Whether the things did there
Themselves appear,
Which in my Spirit truly seem'd to
dwell;
Or whether my conforming Mind
Were not even all that therein shin'd.

These are the commonplaces of great poetry, and not a philosophical dogma, as when Coleridge wrote:—

We receive but what we give
And in our life alone does Nature live.

Like Wordsworth, he finds intimations of immortality in childhood, and his version of this conception has so much resemblance to a famous poem of Vaughan's, that we do not wonder at Dr. Grosart identifying the writers:—

How like an Angel came I down!
How bright are all things here!
When first among His works I did
appear
O how His glory did me crown!
The world resembled His Eternity,
In which my soul did walk;
And everything that I did see
Did with me talk.

The streets were paved with golden
stones,

The boys and girls were mine,
Oh how did all their lovely faces shine!
The sons of men were holy ones,

In joy and beauty they appeared to
me,

And everything which here I found,
While like an angel I did see,
Adorned the ground.

But Traherne is no bloodless mystic. He is less of the quietist than the passionate lover, for with him, in Plato's phrase, the quest of truth does not lack the warmth of desire. He exults in the beauties of the world; his raptures are never in the abstract, for, though he reads into Nature the symbolism of metaphysics, he has a direct simple joy in mere loveliness, which gives his lyrics the note of human passion. It is this exuberance of delight which is his greatest quality, for his reach as a poet seems to us to exceed his grasp, and that "Felicity" which he seeks is less evident in his verse than in his spirit. Two poems included in the volume, "The Salutation" and "On News," must rank among the finest sacred lyrics of that century. But we cannot agree with the editor in thinking that in the essential qualities of poetry he excels Herbert, and Crashaw, and Vaughan. His vitality is greater, but not his gift of utterance. He has not Herbert's perfect sense of form or the involved richness of Crashaw's fancy, and he never attains to that profound simplicity which makes Vaughan at his best unequalled, save by Blake, in this form of poetry. There is nothing in Traherne, it seems to us, comparable to such poems as "They are all gone into the world of light," and "I saw Eternity the other night." He is full of subtle and beautiful things, but his mode of expression is apt to become monotonous, and we meet rarely in his writings those lines or phrases where thought and music are wedded in an immortal harmony.

Mr. Dobell promises us an edition of his prose works, and we shall eagerly await it, for, judging from the extracts quoted in the editor's introduction,

Traherne's prose seems of an even finer quality than his verse. Take such a passage as this, in which the same conception we have already noted in the poems is expressed with, to our mind, a far deeper beauty:—

The corn was orient and immortal wheat which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold; the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me; their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The Men! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! . . . The streets were mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins, and ruddy faces. The skies were

The Spectator.

mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the world was mine; and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it. I knew no churlish proprieties, no bounds nor divisions; but all proprieties and divisions were mine, all treasurers and possessors of them. So that with much ado I was corrupted, and made to learn the dirty devices of this world, which now I unlearn, and become, as it were, a little child again that I may enter into the Kingdom of God.

Where did this poor Welsh clergyman learn the secret of such exquisite prose? Where, one may ask also, did Bunyan learn it, for he has the same simple but unforgettable cadences? And Cromwell, snatching a few minutes during his campaigns to write to Colonel Valentine Walton to tell him of his son's death, falls without an effort into sentences of a simplicity and grace which no tinkering stylist can ever hope to imitate. In the seventeenth century the writing of noble prose seemed to follow naturally on nobility of mind.

THE POET'S CHAIRS.

Every newspaper reader—by which I mean every one who reads many different newspapers, as I, for my sins and bread, must do—is bound to fall often under what might be called the tyranny of the exchange. He is continuously finding in one paper some paragraph or article which he had already read in another and hoped to have forgotten. Sometimes, especially if he travels about England at all and buys county or local papers (in many ways the best papers of all, because nearer normal life), he may come upon this same and tiresome thing three or four times in a day.

Such an experience has just been mine. I remember reading several

weeks ago a half column of random and rather curious information about famous authors, entitled "Foibles of Literary Men." It began with a sudden statement in a single line—

Keats liked red pepper on his toast—

and passed on to equally unexpected allegations, each a little longer than the last, until at the end of the half column we reached a pearl three lines in extent, such as—

Oliver Wendell Holmes used to carry a horse-chestnut in one pocket and a potato in another to ward off rheumatism.

I remember I read this in the casual

way in which one takes in a journalistic fill; wondered a little at its origin, and as to how long it had been going the rounds; guessed it to be American and already of considerable age, but destined to something like immortality; and preserved in my mind one only of its gems—

Alexandre Dumas, the younger, bought a new painting every time he had a book published.

I remembered this because it was constructive, and oddly enough recorded a habit (certainly not a foible) that I have myself been trying to contract. It was interesting to find that one had had this fastidious predecessor.

Since then I have twice come upon the same procession of eccentrics, led as ever by Keats with his red pepper; and now this morning I receive by gift a Scottish religious paper, and here they are again, Keats with his smouldering palate still at the head. What can I do but (like the owner of Mr. Jacobs' terrible Monkey's Paw) pass it on to others and myself be free? Here it is, in what a really educated writer would call *extenso*:—

FOIBLES OF LITERARY MEN.

Keats liked red pepper on his toast. Dickens was fond of wearing jewelry.

Joaquin Miller nailed all his chairs to the wall.

Edgar Allan Poe slept with his cat, and was inordinately proud of his feet.

Daudet wore his eyeglasses when asleep.

Thackeray used to lift his hat whenever he passed the house in which he wrote *Vanity Fair*.

Alexandre Dumas, the younger, bought a new painting every time he had a new book published.

Robert Louis Stevenson's favorite recreation was playing the flute, in order, as he said, to tune up his ideas.

Robert Browning could not sit still. With the constant shuffling of his feet holes were worn in the carpet.

Longfellow enjoyed walking only at sunrise or sunset, and he said his sublimest moods came upon him at these times.

Hawthorne always washed his hands before reading a letter from his wife. He delighted in poring over old advertisements in the newspaper files.

Darwin had no respect for books as books, and would cut a big volume in two, for convenience in handling, or he would tear out the leaves he required for reference.

Oliver Wendell Holmes used to carry a horse-chestnut in one pocket and a potato in another to ward off rheumatism.

It is like a popular history of English and American literature. As I write I find myself longing to continue it. Surely there are foibles among the living worth recording.

Mr. Andrew Lang—

But no, one must not.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett—

Stay! And yet I know one of Mr. Hewlett's foibles so very well, and I am sure it would interest thousands of people who have never read his books. But the time is not yet, any way.

It seems hard that a literary man's foibles have to be so blazoned forth: especially since if some literary men had no foibles they would have nothing at all. By their foibles they live. If I could think that the original compiler of this list were sympathetic I should not mind; but one suspects disapproval, one has a sense of reproof. The word "foible" is a criticism. One feels the cataloguer will never, for example, forgive Browning for his treatment of the carpet: we can get along fairly well without cryptic monologues, but Axminster is Axminster. Keats too clearly ought to have been satisfied with the ordinary British condiments: so much the less poet he, if he could not, and we will give the "Ode to Au-

tumn" a rest. It is obvious also that to a sleeping man eyeglasses are of little service: let us therefore read not *Tartarin* nor the *Lettres de Mon Moulin*, but *Le Maître de Forges* and *Sans Famille*, neither Hector Malot nor Georges Ohnet having ever done anything wayward or amusing. I cannot help feeling that this is the kind of criticism to which the reader is expected to come, not only by the original anthologist but by the Scottish editor too. Search as you will in the inner personal history of Ian Maclaren or David Lyall (I seem to hear him say) you will find no red pepper; you will find no foot shuffling, no tearing up books, no tricks with furniture.

This brings us to the most perplexing case of the bunch: Joaquin Miller. Two things about his foible bother me: one is that it is called a foible at all, and the other that the act is put in the past tense. It is said that he "nailed his chairs to the wall," as we should say of one of Nelson's admirals, that he nailed his colors to the mast. It is as though the Poet of the Sierras, who is, of course, still living, either was dead or had long given up the quaint practice. If the statement ran, "Joaquin Miller nalls all his chairs to the wall"—that is, always does it, never acquires a new chair without calling for the tool

The Outlook.

chest, never sees a chair anywhere without feeling for his bowie-hammer—then I should agree that it is something of a foible, although in reality passing into the regions of the greater eccentricity. A foible is a purely personal idiosyncrasy, such as sleeping with a cat, or washing one's hands before reading a letter from one's wife. Reduced to its naked meaning it is, I take it, a weakness—a *faiblesse*—but a weakness affecting only one's self. A man, however, who nails his chairs to the wall *without giving due notice of the proceeding* (the italics are absolutely mine) may be said to affect others. I can think of nothing more disconcerting than at dinner time to attempt to draw a chair to Mr. Miller's otherwise hospitable board. This is not a foible: this is practical joking; and very good practical joking too, I think,—once.

My theory is that it occurred as a matter of fact only once, and that is why the past tense is employed:—

Joaquin Miller nailed all his chairs to the wall.

Then came the reckoning and he did it no more. I have always read of him as being of late years somewhat crippled.

E. V. Lucas.

THE ENGLISH FAIRIES.

The old rites dwindle into extinction; the holy wells are abandoned; the picturesque observances of our forefathers are in danger of irretrievable oblivion. The wassail-songs are silent, and the May-games and Mid-summer-garlands are long past resuscitation. But there is one tradition which dies hard, cherished secretly in obscure places. From the Eskimo to the Jew, from the Gael to the Hottentot, from

the Chitrali to the Ojibbeway, mankind, with one consent, retains a vague, stubborn credulity in fairies. The hypotheses of the learned have not been able to explain away this belief; the denunciations of the Church have been powerless to uproot it. The man of science, who reduces sagas and *märchen* alike to a dead level of solar myth, stops short at this one mystery. He gropes toward its solu-

tion with grave, inadequate effort; and, after beating round the bush for a chapter or two, he succumbs, remarking in effect, like the police in the *Pirates of Penzance*, "At the same time, we repeat, we cannot understand it at all." Some men, indeed, greatly daring, go farther, and, it may be, fare worse. Sir Lauder Brunton, for instance, assures the Medico-Psychological Association that fairies *et hoc genus omne* are the zig-zag creations of vision distorted by headache, and are obscurely connected with a tendency to epilepsy. But this, in the *Quarterly's* immortal phrase, will never do. Some folks may consider the Secret People to be old gods fallen into disrepute; others, that they are spirits of ancestors in their burial mounds; others, that they are a tradition of former inhabitants (the most modern and most plausible theory); and others, *à la* W. B. Yeats and Fiona McLeod, may speak of them with bated breath as actual mysterious beings now existent. Probably the majority would side with a very sane and level headed Celtic cleric, who, on being adjured to utter his real faith in the matter of fairies, invariably answered, "I prefer to reserve my opinion."

The English fairies are not numerous, these last hundred years. Crofton Croker, writing in 1828, declared that "in another century no trace of English fairies will remain, except those which exist in the works of Shakespeare, Herrick, Drayton, and Bishop Corbett." Here he was mistaken. It is among the country people, who have never heard of, much less read, those authors, that the fairy cult yet lingers. Still, it is a rare thing nowadays to meet a person who has *seen*, or who confesses to have seen. I have only come across three—two known to myself and one to a friend. One lived in the Isle of Wight, one in a Cheshire village, one at Barrow-

in-Furness. Each was a sober, honest, hard-working woman, and their evidence was indetical. They were accustomed to behold little people, in red and green attire, entering their houses by night and dancing about the hearth. Nothing came of these visitations in the shape of either good or ill fortune. The little people frolicked and vanished, all in silence and by fire-light. Also, I have encountered an old man in the South Country, who, having seen a little red-capped creature emerge from the wall of the farmhouse attic where he slept, forthwith refused to spend another night there. There is a certain lonely moor where the Medina rises, in the middle of the Isle of Wight, where it is well known that fairies still dance; and, indeed, all over England their footprints and revels may now and then be seen; but rustic folk are loth to talk about them. This accords with popular usage everywhere. One may allude to them discreetly and in a roundabout way, as by their Gaelic and Cymric appellations—"The Others," "They," "The Gentry," "The Fair Family," "The Blessing of their Mothers," "The Good Neighbors," "The People of Peace." But an unwritten rule forbids more direct references. The immemorial repugnance of primeval races to the mention of one's name—the supposed synonymy of name with identity—has hardened into a very definite restriction in the case of the fairies.

They are—in England—still the same breed as the Shakespearean elves—as "the Elf-Queen with her jolly compaignie" of Chaucer, in the days when "all was this land fulfilled of faërie." A dainty, joyous, tricky tribe, aloof but not inimical, carelessly merrymaking in the midnight, they are pole-wide apart from the toiling mine-elves of the North, the morose man-stealing clans of Highland fancy, the trooping hosts of the Rosses. The gay little

mischievous Pixies of Devonshire, the sociable, happy-go-lucky creatures of whom one still finds such apparently well-authenticated accounts—these are the genuine English family. The Secret People are not all alike.

Yet in every land their main traits remain unalterable. A small, powerful, beautiful race, invisible at will, inhabiting green hills and hollow places; preposterously addicted to music and dancing; having abodes of supernatural splendor; adepts with stone weapons, but evincing a horror of iron; to be propitiated by gifts; to be foiled by a knowledge of their names; skilled, industrious workers; given to kidnapping women and children; occasionally intermarrying with mortals, "but for the most part with an ill or tragical conclusion." Is it not a reasonable supposition that the fairy with the gilt off becomes the troglodyte of the Stone Age? That paleolithic man, chipping flint for untold thousands of years, and neolithic man, polishing his stone-headed arrows in cave and pit, have left an ineffaceable tradition behind them? That some isolated hordes, tenacious of covert and concealment, continued to inhabit solitary places until almost within historic times? Take away the light and music, the mirth and beauty, all the magical attributes with which a conquering race usually endows the conquered, and you have a hairy, stunted multitude of women-stealers and child-changers—hideous faces van-

ishing among the rocks—lethal bolts from unseen hands. The greatest difficulty is the dancing, to which the Secret People are so prone all the world over. One hardly conceives of prehistoric man as hilarious.

Meanwhile, a MS. in the British Museum gives full directions how to catch a fairy. You get a broad, square crystal or Venice glass, three inches in length and breadth; lay it in the blood of a white hen for three Wednesdays or Fridays, then wash it with hollyhock and fumigate it. Take three hazel wands of a year's growth, peel them fair and white, and write the fairy's name on them, calling it thrice over each stick. Then lay them, under some hill where fairies haunt, on a Wednesday, and the following Sunday take them up, and call her at eight, or ten, or three o'clock, looking towards the east. And when you have her, bind her to the crystal or glass. It is just possible, of course, that she might prove a white elephant when caught. But at least the plucky method above advocated is preferable to the caution of Kennedy (see *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts*), who refuses to adduce the recipe for rendering the Good People visible, because "to practise any magic rite whatever is to set dangerous machinery in motion without knowing how to put it at rest again, or whether it may not tear your own person to pieces." Kennedy has evidently no sense of adventure.

The Speaker.

May Byron.

VANISHING EAST ANGLIA.

Of late years there has flourished an ever-increasing school of "Nature-observers," so called, whereof the scholars, to judge from the published results, must for the most part graduate somewhere in the neighborhood of Fleet Street. What instructed reader is there who does not know and fear the gush which these suburban students and sportsmen consider appropriate to the season in which it appears in the columns of the daily press? The luscious word-painting of summer as it is seen in the environs of Putney; the ridiculous description of shooting with its talk of "long stubble" in these days of self-blindness and its earnest invocations to "wielders of the gun" to give up the "easy slaughter" of the "battue" and revert to the true sport of butchering October pheasants kicked up out of hedgerows and turnips as their grandfathers did before them! Such rusticities are printed by the yard and doubtless they serve their harmless purpose and meet the taste of the urban populations for which they are intended.

To these surface readers the advice may be given that they should leave Mr. Dutt's book¹ alone since it provides "copy" of a very different order. Here indeed we have the work of one who possesses to a high degree that gift of patient daily observation which is becoming always more uncommon as civilized man recedes from his pristine state of a cultivator of the soil. If any country-dweller doubts this statement let him take an urban friend, even one of the highest intelligence, for a walk through the fields and afterwards try to extract from him the sum of his observations. Often enough he will find that all he has noted is the

season of the year, whether it was fine or wet and whether the ground over which he travelled was smooth or hilly. The ignorance of many people, otherwise well-educated, on all natural matters is in fact profound. Such folk are of the town towny and the sights and sounds which greet their senses on the occasion of an annual visit to the country leave little or no impression on them. These are foreign to their world.

It may be answered that even agricultural laborers, as distinct from the quaint, old-world marshmen and fowlers whom Mr. Dutt describes, are, on the average, also most unobservant men, or at least that they know singularly little of birds and trees and flowers, and in most cases care still less for the beauties of scenery or of the changing sky. The truth is, however, not that they are unobservant, but that they observe only those things which are of profit to them, such as the signs of the weather which affects their weekly wage. Thus not long ago I was astonished to find that a hedge carpenter, who had been handling wood all his life, could scarcely distinguish between the leaves of one tree and another in their growing state. His business was with timber, not with leaves. On the other hand, such sons of the soil are thorough masters of all that has to do with their own particular trade which they must acquire, or starve. That is where they have the advantage of the city youths who, beginning as errand boys, are in a few years thrust out on to the world, knowing nothing that is of use to anybody, and so go to swell the ranks of the unemployed. So long as he has health and strength the laborer on the lands can always earn his living, because whether he wills it or no he has acquired a certain definite knowl-

¹ "Wild Life in East Anglia." By W. A. Dutt. London: Methuen, 1906. 7s. 6d. net.

edge in the course of his long training, which assures him of a monetary return for his skilled work.

To return to "Wild Life in East Anglia," its author, Mr. Dutt, is undoubtedly one of those rare individuals who, possessed by an innate love of Nature, has brought the consideration of it to a fine art. The persons, scenes and wild things that he describes he has lived with from childhood, moreover he is a naturalist who can write well and has the added advantage of much knowledge of primitive man, his flint weapons, which are so plentiful in East Anglia, and his probable modes of life—for to these matters he has really applied his mind. The result is that he has produced a work that, notwithstanding its length and the somewhat disjointed character which is the penalty of its plan, can be studied with delight and instruction from the first page to the last, especially if the reader is familiar with the country that it treats of and the untamed life that still flourishes therein.

Many beautiful creatures, as Mr. Dutt tells us, have gone for ever from our shores, destroyed by the keeper who cares only for the game that brings him his daily bread, or worse still, by the wanton "sportsman" who slaughters every bird that is lovely and rare. Thus the bustards have departed and although Lord Walsingham tried to reintroduce them on the heaths of Breckland a few years ago by importing a flock from Spain, the result was a complete failure. The keepers and other persons armed with guns slew them all and only those who have seen these noble birds on the veld of South Africa and elsewhere will appreciate the greatness of this loss.

The bittern, too, is no more. A pair of the last of them, killed long ago somewhere in the neighborhood of Swaffham, stare at me reproachfully as I write. Never again shall we in Eng-

land hear its melancholy booming through the darkness or watch its owl-like flight when it is disturbed from its dense reedy bed, familiar enough, both of them, to all who have wandered by the lonely Transvaal vleis. The peregrine too has gone, and the raven, that impressive fowl which the traveller meets at every turn among the Iceland crags. The otter, also, is getting scarce, for every cadger with a gun-licence lifts his hand against it, although where only coarse fish abound it does but little harm.

In the same way the lovely black-headed gulls that nest in the meres are now much fewer than they were. When I used to visit Scoulton as a boy I can remember them in thousands, but now, I believe, there is another tale to tell. Mr. Dutt says that in 1845 as many as 44,000 eggs were collected at Scoulton, whereas in 1902 the take was limited to 1000 on account of the progressive wastage of the parent-birds. It is these eggs that appear on London dinner-tables as those of plovers and it seems that gulls grow tired of this perpetual robbery. At any rate an authority quoted by Mr. Dutt states that in one season they were so disgusted that "they did not stop to hatch off one young one." If this be so, it is a fine example of the unwisdom that is crystallized in the ancient proverb. Green plover also seem to be lessening in East Anglia and for similar reasons. Their eggs are mercilessly collected for the table while multitudes of them perish annually beneath the gun of the shore-shooter and the net of the fowler. On the other hand the stone curlew or Norfolk plover still remains in certain districts, indeed there are said to be more of them in Breckland than in any other spot in the British Isles. It is a weird looking bird with large eyes and yellow legs and probably identical with the species that is to be found in Natal where I have often shot them.

Amongst many such matters Mr. Dutt speaks of the ruses by means of which all plovers habitually attempt to decoy the intruder from the neighborhood of their nests, tumbling to and fro as though they were broken-winged and could be caught with ease. This is a familiar trick with them and some other birds all over the world, though once I remember it astonished me in a place where white men had seldom been. Natives have no guns and do not trouble themselves about plover or their eggs, so that the plan can hardly have been evolved from experience. Yet no English peewit could have been more ready to put it into action.

Other things are vanishing in East Anglia, namely its ancient and historical oaks, whereof Mr. Dutt gives an interesting list which he has collected from various records. Amongst others he mentions the famous Thwaites Oak that stood at Tivetshall which was felled in 1901 by a Mr. Jonathan Boyce, since deceased, a native of Tivetshall who having, it was said, prospered as a timber merchant in America, returned and bought the land whereon it stood. For many years, like thousands of other travellers by the Waveney Valley line, I had admired this glorious tree standing alone upon its knoll and when I happened to visit Tivetshall and found it hacked down and lying prone, my feelings were such as I should scarcely have cared to express in words. Part of the trunk alone, which measured quite seven feet through, weighed 20 tons, and the whole of it, Mr. Dutt informs us, was sold for the paltry sum of £40. Moreover the purchasers made a bad bargain, for the wood though sound turned out to be "short" and almost worthless.

Ancient and ornamental timbers of this sort, especially when they stand where they can be seen by all, should

be a public possession, and certainly he who destroys them without good cause, works a public injury. At any rate it seems probable that the inhabitants of Norfolk would gladly have subscribed twice the value of the Thwaites Oak to keep it standing that its spreading greenery might rejoice the eyes of future generations. By the way I am able to add two to Mr. Dutt's list of famous trees which I think he has overlooked, although both of them had been felled before my time, namely the Kirby Oak and the Broome Oak, which from the descriptions I have received of them, must have been almost if not quite as large as their brother of Tivetshall.

Mr. Dutt seems to hope that other famous trees of like magnificence will arise in place of those that have been turned into cash. Would that one could agree with him, but it is the experience of many of us that little oak is being planted in East Anglia and that year by year that which still stands is woefully diminished, especially since the death duties came into operation.

No space remains to discuss the details of Mr. Dutt's charming work, but perhaps this is as well since of these in their multitude it would be impossible to give any adequate idea. Every "lover of solitude and untrodden ways," to whom beasts, birds, flowers and the winds that sweep across the marshes are familiar or remembered things, should study them for himself. It is safe to prophesy that he will not be disappointed. Mr. Southgate's illustrations are well drawn and chosen but the color printing is not always quite successful. He was fortunate to find two living bitterns to serve as models for his picture, as few have been heard of in East Anglia since the year 1886.

H. Rider Haggard.

SPELLING REFORM.

*Great Meeting at Skeebo Cast**(Late Skibo Castle).*

A great meeting to discuss the new scheme of spelling reform promulgated by *President Roosevelt* was held on Saturday last at Skeebo Castle, the picturesque Highland seat of *Mr. Andrew Carnegie*. There was a large attendance, including the Duke and Duchess of *Sutherland*, *Professor Churton Collins*, the Poet Laureate, *Mr. Algernon Ashton*, *Mr. H. G. Wells*, *Lord Avebury*, *Dr. Douglas Hyde*, *Miss Pankhurst*, *Mr. Henry James*, *Mr. W. Le Queux*, &c.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who took the Chair, opened the proceedings with music, tastefully performing a selection from *Wagner* on his new electric orkes-programofon. He then welcomed the distinguished company in a graceful speech. As for the scheme which they were met together to discuss he could not claim (he said) to be its originator. *Chaucer* had forestalled him, and *Shakspeare*, by the pathetic futility of his efforts to spell his own name twice running in the same way, as unconsciously the most powerful advocate of simplified spelling. He called upon *Professor Skeat* to address the meeting.

Professor Skeat, after a brief survey of the history of spelling reform, said that the time had come for them to break loose from the thralldom of *Butter* and *Mavor*. Modern spelling, he continued, was neither one thing nor the other. Let all words be spelt with elaborate disregard for pronunciation—e.g., if phthysical was right and fitting, then bicycle should be spelt phbysical—or let them all conform to the rules laid down by *President Roosevelt*. As an instance of the confusion to which the existing method gave rise he mentioned the curious case of *Lord Tennyson*, who was called *Alum*, after

Alum Bay, near Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, where his father, the late Laureate, lived. Most people, however, owing to the prevalence of Cockney habits, misspelt the name *Hallam*, and as such it appeared even in books of reference.

Lord Avebury (who was greeted with cries of "Spell it with a B, my lord!"), said that some of the happiest hours of his life had been spent in observing the habits of spelling bees. For the rest he held that the pleasures of life would be greatly enhanced by the removal of any ambiguity between "ant" and "aunt." Phonetic spelling would inevitably discourage an identical pronunciation of these two words. As it was he found that remarks made by him on the nature of the aphides were frequently taken by his listeners to refer to certain of his female relatives. (Buzzes of sympathy, in which his lordship joined with a prolonged hum.)

The Chairman of the Society of Descriptive Reporters, whose name we did not catch, but rather think it was *Cholmondeley*, said that he voiced the unanimous sentiment of the journalistic profession in denouncing the proposed reform as a mean and cheese-paring device. He had calculated that it would mean saving four lines in every hundred, which he would remind the meeting represented two glasses of beer, or for those of different persuasions a plate of jugged cabbage at the *Eustace Miles Restaurant*. He commended this aspect of the question to the Trade Unions of Great Britain and America.

Mr. Algernon Ashton, whose head was tastefully decorated with sable plumes and who was received with mute respect, said that he had recently paid a visit to America for no other purpose than to satisfy himself that the grave of *Josh Billings* was what it

should be. He mentioned this because *Josh* was really the father of the present *émeute* in orthographical circles.

Miss Pankhurst wished to know whether *Mr. Asquith* supported spelling reform or not. Her attitude towards the movement would be entirely determined by his—in the contrary direction. (Cheers.)

Mr. Henry James said that simplicity was the bane of literature. If they wanted a practical proof of his assertion he would ask them to note the demoralizing effect of the new method on his own style. *Mr. Henry James* then proceeded to write on the blackboard the following passage from *The Golden Bowl*:—

"*Maggy* had suffishuntly intimated to the Prinse, ten minits be4, that she needed no shoing as to hwat thare frend woodnt consent to be taken 4; but the diffikulty now indeed was to ehuse, for explisit tribute of admira-shun, between the varietiz of her nobler aspekts. She karrid it off, to put the matter korsly, with a tast and diskreshn that held our yung wooman's attenshun for the furst kwarter of an our, to the vurry point of diverting it from the attitood of her overshadowed, her almost superseded, kompanyon."

[Panic and cries for stretchers.

Mr. Le Queux, speaking in the picturesque patois of San Marino, pointed out the peculiar cruelty of a system which, if applied to surnames, would confound his identity with (1) a suburban botanical garden, (2) another novelist, (3) the crowd outside a theatre door.

Dr. Douglas Hyde, in an impassioned speech, hailed the scheme as one likely to accelerate the de-Anglicization of Ireland. It was the glory of Erse that it contained more superfluous letters than any other tongue. (*Mr. Algernon Ashton*: "May I ask did the learned gentleman say 'Hearse'?" *Dr. Hyde*: "No, Erse." *Mr. Ashton*: "I'm sorry.") English owed its partial toleration to a

feeble imitation of this practice, but if forced on an unwilling people in a phonetic form would provoke an irresistible boycott. The day they tampered with the spelling of Youghal and Drogheda the doom of England's tyranny was sealed.

Mr. Alfred Austin pronounced himself an unhesitating supporter of the old régime. By it bards were allowed the privilege of employing eye rhymes, which would be impossible under the *Carnegie-Roosevelt* tyranny. The labors of a laureate, severe enough already, would be enhanced to an unendurable extent if this relaxation were denied them.

Professor Churton Collins also dissented strongly from the views expressed by the Chairman. He declared that a man who mutilated his mother-tongue should be indicted for matricide. The craze for phonetic spelling was a distinct sign of a criminal disposition, and if officially recognized would lead to pogroms in every village in the United Kingdom.

At this stage of the proceedings considerable consternation was excited by the appearance of a strange figure in rusty black with an unkempt wig in the gallery. "Sir," exclaimed the figure, "I little thought that the English language, which I labored so assiduously to preserve, was destined to be mangled and mutilated by a Scottish plutocrat and a Dutch-American. The Serbonian bog of mythology is nothing compared to the Skibonian slough of ignorance." With these words the speaker hurled a large volume (which subsequently turned out to be *Johnson's Dictionary*) at the Chairman and disappeared in a cloud of polysyllables.

The proceedings shortly afterwards terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, proposed by one of the leading citizens of Dornoch, who humorously expressed the hope that in future they would not be confused with door-knockers.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Among the new books for young readers on the fall list of Little, Brown & Co. is "A Sheaf of Stories," by "Susan Coolidge," comprising twelve hitherto uncollected stories by the late Sarah C. Woolsey (better known by her pen name, "Susan Coolidge") who died in April, 1905.

Small, Maynard & Company have prepared under the editorship of Laurens Maynard, an anthology entitled "Latter-Day Love Sonnets," made up of a notable group of poems of nearly one hundred writers of the present day, both British and American. The volume is the latest addition to the "Love Sonnets Series."

E. P. Dutton & Company will publish shortly Lady De Lancey's narrative of a week at Waterloo in 1815. Her husband, Col. Sir William Howe De Lancey, at the time Quartermaster General, was mortally wounded in the Battle of Waterloo and was nursed by Lady De Lancey. The book gives interesting sidelights on the battle not to be found elsewhere.

Among E. P. Dutton & Company's fall books, and to be published immediately, is "The Life of Sir Henry Vane the Younger with a History of the Events of His Time";—his sojourn in New England and Governorship of Massachusetts, his return to England and his life under the Protectorate and Restoration, and his trial and execution. The work is by Dr. Wm. W. Ireland of Edinburgh.

Whether life is to follow death is a question of perennial interest, and speculation and affirmation upon this unsolved problem have been rife since

the dawn of human consciousness. It is natural, therefore, that an immense body of literature should have grown up around it. From this great mass of material has been compiled a volume by Helen P. Patten, entitled "Intimations of Immortality," which is to be one of the early fall publications of Small, Maynard & Company.

Readers of *The Living Age* will remember that in a delightful article on the "Romance of the Outlands," republished last December from the "Quarterly," several columns of appreciation were given to the novels of Mr. W. H. Hudson, by whose success as a naturalist, said the reviewer, the world had "lost a great writer of fiction." His earliest book, "The Purple Land," which fell flat on its appearance twenty years ago, before the taste for colonial and frontier fiction had begun to develop in England, is now reprinted. Its scene is Mr. Hudson's native Uruguay, and the invasions and revolutions which harassed that picturesque little country shape its plot. While the book has the continuous interest which belong to a story of adventure, it is by reading a few chapters at a time, and lingering over the character sketches for which the "Banda Oriental," with its mixed population and its roving, outdoor life, affords such opportunity to a clever and sympathetic pen, that the discriminating will find most enjoyment. The literary quality is particularly noticeable in the mellow humor, and light, easy touch. The last chapter leaves one wishing that the writer might, even at this late day, add the sequel which it seems to promise. E. P. Dutton & Co.